JUL 21 1938

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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVI. No. 385 (New Series) SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1938 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE effort to suggest that everything is lovely in the Spanish war reached really comic dimensions at the beginning of this week. The fact that the Non-intervention Committee had agreed to recommend the British plan to Franco and the Spanish Government was represented in inspired press reports as a triumph of appeasement—almost indeed as if the war was coming to a close without anyone losing. We regret to say that it really amounts to very little indeed. The plan has to be submitted to both Spanish administrations; how long they will take in accepting its details no one knows. The commissioners have to count foreign heads in Spain, including the heads of German technicians, now wearing not uniforms but, presumably, celluloid collars and bowler hats. No informed person thinks that they have the slightest intention of moving from their key posts in the wireless, the railways, the post office or in the direction of Franco's war. If heads are ever counted, camps are to be set up with fences so high that people cannot throw bottles or bombs over them, and neutral officers are to be in charge with hosepipes as a weapon in case of mutiny. The idea apparently is that some Italian troops will move out while the men of the International Brigade, now an integral part of the Spanish army, will be evacuated to ——? But where will these brave but now mostly stateless men be sent? We doubt if all this will happen; it will certainly take many months if it does and the notion is that it may give an excuse for fixing up the Anglo-Italian agreement for which Mussolini, now in great difficulties, is increasingly impatient. His impatience is beginning to show itself again in abuse of Britain—abuse of everyone in democratic countries except Mr. Chamberlain.

The Refugee Problem

It is a formidable task which faces the representatives of the thirty-one nations assembled at Evian. Refugee problems are nothing new; some, of considerable magnitude, have been happily solved in the years following the war. But the problem presented by the Nazi persecution of the Jews is staggering. There were about 600,000 Jews in Germany when Hitler came into power—of whom over 300,000 have left. And now there are 200,000 more in Austria. All this pitiable host of victims is under notice to quit; they are, in effect, being coolly pushed on to the hospitality of the world—and in order to make the world's job a little harder they are first robbed of practically all their property. How to finance rescue

work on this vast scale is, therefore, one of the main questions confronting the Conference. The other, which is equally difficult, is where the refugees are to go. Several European countries—France particularly, and Czechoslovakia—have been generous (far more generous than Great Britain) in opening their doors, but there are limits to what they can do. Many proposals, no doubt, will be put forward at Evian, and some, we hope, will be valuable and will be promptly acted on. But one, of which a good deal has already been heard, is, we fear, quite impracticable. Great Britain, it is said, ought to allow an immigration of 100,000 Jews a year into Palestine. Can anyone seriously believe that is possible in the present state of Palestine and with Arab feelings as they are?

The Far East

The Japanese bombers continue their work of raiding Chinese cities, and there is no abatement of the river floods. The main military operation is the advance on Hankow. A combined attack by land, water and air, has resulted in the capture of Hukow, 135 miles down the Yangtse from Hankow. The Japanese claim to have destroyed a large number of Chinese war planes during the past week; but Chiang Kai-shek is believed to be holding the bulk of his air force in reserve against the massing for the final attack on Hankow. No more has been heard of the Japanese threat to seize the island of Hainan, which elicited a solemn warning from the French and British Governments. But the French themselves appear to have excited some curiosity by sending a detachment of Annamite gendarmerie to occupy the Spratly and Paracel islands a hundred miles or so south east of Hainan. The Paracels were first occupied by Annamites more than a century ago, and the Spratlies were formally annexed to France in 1933. Both groups are said to be important as meteorological and wireless stations. Meanwhile the most interesting but least reported political event in the Far East this week is the meeting of the "People's Political Council" which is the strongest proof that the war so far from disrupting China is actually welding its people together with a new sense of democracy and of national solidarity.

Turks and Syrians

The Government's Bill for advancing a loan of £6,000,000 to Turkey was welcomed on all sides in the House of Commons—so far, at any rate, as it betokens a policy of Anglo-Turkish friendship. That policy is unquestionably a sound one. But eulogies of the Turks as consistently loyal supporters of the League of Nations look as if they need a little qualification in the light of the Alexandretta affair. The Turks have in fact behaved in a high-handed way in the dispute with Syria over the Sanjak and the settlement of its autonomous regime in view of the coming abolition of the Syrian mandate held by France. They claimed that the majority of the population were Turkish and that they should therefore have a majority of the seats on the Council. But the League's Electoral Commission, which was appointed (with the consent of both Turkey and France) to deal with the matter, found that the Turkish claim to a majority could not be substantiated, and the Turkish Government in consequence have repudiated the Commission and insisted on a direct settlement, on their own terms, with France. The French, naturally and properly anxious for good relations with Ankara, have gone all the way to meet the Turks' demands. The Syrians regard this as a betrayal of their rights and interests by the Mandatory Power. That on the face of it it is. But we hope that the Turkish minority when in control of the Sanjak will give the non-Turkish majority no grounds for complaint.

The Significance of the Sokols

Coming in the middle of the negotiations with Henlein, the Sokol Festival which has just ended in Prague was bound to be used as a national demonstration of Slav solidarity. But the Sokols are not merely nationalistic. Founded in 1861, when the Czech emancipation movement was already under way, this gymnastic organisation has always tried to teach the lessons of democracy, and its great display this week was bound to express the spirit of resistance to Fascist aggression. The Czechoslovak peoples, as the recent elections showed, stand some way to the left of the Hodza Government. It will bitterly oppose any compromise with Henlein which seems to threaten the integrity of the State, and it is already suspicious as to how much has been surrendered in secret and afraid that Hitler may be casting Dr. Hodza for the part of Schleicher. They know that nothing will keep Henlein in order once he has been let in by the back door. Henlein is now reported to have refused the basis of negotiations offered by the Czech Government and there is a difficult period ahead. Dr. Hodza would be well advised to hasten the passage of the Nationalities Statute and at the same time to take a free people fully into his confidence.

Nazi Rule in Austria

Last week's denials by Berlin that there was anything seriously wrong in Austria have been followed—according to the usual Nazi routine—by the despatch to Dachau of twelve Nazi commissars who had mismanaged the Jewish businesses of which they had been put in charge. According to the *Times* correspondent in Vienna this action has resulted in a spate of letters of resignation from other commissars with uneasy consciences! If this stops those Nazi braves who have been breaking into private houses, beating up the owners and looting their property, it will be something to be thankful for. But no steps, however drastic, by Herr Bürckel against "private" confiscations will affect the official drive against Jewish property. "Irresponsible" Austrian Nazis differ from their German superiors only because the latter are more systematic and cold-blooded in their methods. The worst cases of intimidation and robbery have occurred in the official Gestapo prisons, where countless Jews have soon found themselves willing to give their businesses away. It is an ironic fact that one stumbling block in the way of completely expropriating the Jews is the number of persons in Vienna with Czech nationality. One director with a Czech passport was able the other day to prevent the gift by his two Jewish partners of a large sugar concern to the Gestapo. Here perhaps is an additional motive for the *Gleichschaltung* of Czechoslovakia.

Recovery in America

The extraordinary revival of business sentiment in the United States continues unchecked, and almost everybody

now seems as certain of a coming revival as they seemed only a few weeks ago that nothing would save industry except the President's death or utter defeat. On the stock markets there are of course ups and downs; for there is bound to be profit-making from time to time. But the upward tendency is clear, and commodity prices are also rising significantly. How far all this has happened because business men have at last got tired of cutting off their own noses in order to spite the President, and how far because the big new schemes of Federal expenditure are at length producing their effect, is not so easy to say. Both causes have certainly contributed; and the second will prevent slipping back as long as the expenditure is maintained. Indeed, Mr. Morganthau's budget statement for 1937–8 shows one pretty obvious reason for the recession. The budget deficit was a mere bagatelle of $1,459,000,000, and relief expenditure was down by $800,000,000 for the year. In fact, the real deficit was smaller, because large repayments were made of loans granted in previous years. Gross public debt rose by only $740,000,000; and much more than this is now needed to make the American economy employ the people, especially as the Social Security Act has so far been taking money in to build up its funds, and not paying anything appreciable out.

Our Food Supply

Mr. Chamberlain is in trouble with a section of his party for scouting the idea that we could, or should, grow at home all the food we need. Of course he is right if he says *all;* but that does not mean that we ought not to produce more than we do and to better advantage. From the point of view of the national interest the Government's agricultural policy is a poor thing. One aspect of this policy was debated in the Commons on Monday, when Mr. Morrison moved the second reading of the Milk (Extension and Amendment) Bill. This measure does not satisfy the farmers; much less does it satisfy the consumers. The milk in schools scheme is still to be subsidised and there will be facilities for local authorities to get cheaper milk for their maternity and child welfare services. But these contributions are mere trifling with the problem of malnutrition. The urgency of that problem has been shown again and again, and those who want an admirable and up-to-date account of it should read the *Report on Nutrition*, just published by the British Association for Labour Legislation (and to be had, price 1*s.* 6*d.*, from the Hon. Sec., at 55 St. Mary's Mansions, W.2). Nor is it a question only of more milk and cheaper milk, but of a "national food policy," as is argued by a group of scientific experts, which includes such men as Sir John Orr, Sir F. Gowland Hopkins, and Prof. Julian Huxley. Adequate food and better food is a vital necessity for millions in this country, and something more than the present Marketing Boards is needed to ensure that they get it. Drastic measures are required not merely for regulating production in the producers' interest, but for reducing its costs and for rationalising and controlling distribution.

The Recession Continues

The June returns show an increase of no less than half a million on last June's total of workers unemployed, and a decline of 326,000 in the numbers at work. Thus, the recession continues even over the months when there is normally a big seasonal improvement in economic activity. The cotton trade accounts for much the biggest decline, unemployment having risen there by more than 100,000 over the year. But iron and steel and engineering both show a big increase in the number out of work, and with the remaining metal trades account for considerably more than another 100,000. Woollens and worsteds, building and the distributive trades, are also substantial contributors to the decline. Coal mining is the only major industry in which employment is better than a year ago. Clearly, even extensive rearmament is a poor job-finder in comparison with an improved world market or a boom in building. War in the Far East and slump in the United States have much more effect on the level of employment than anything short of a big constructional programme at home.

Ebbw Vale

It has been known for some time that Messrs. Richard Thomas had got into deep water over their huge new strip mill and steel plant at Ebbw Vale. Costs of construction rose sharply almost from the moment when the work was begun, and many unexpected complications arose. Consequently the sum allocated to the project proved wholly inadequate, and further finance had to be secured. This has now been provided by the Bank of England acting in conjunction with a consortium of the joint stock banks. The latter will be amply secured by debenture stock, which is to rank ahead of the debentures previously issued to private holders; and the Bank of England is to provide the balance of the capital in return for ordinary shares. The company is to submit to a board nominally presided over by the Governor of the Bank of England, and including Lord Greenwood, to represent the steel trade, and Mr. E. H. Lever, of the Prudential, to represent the existing debenture holders, and this board is to hold office as long as any part of the sum borrowed from the banks remains unpaid. In effect, Ebbw Vale passes, at any rate for the time being, under financial control, and yet another expedient is resorted to for the purpose of giving industry what is in effect public help without subjecting it to public responsibility. It would be a great deal more sensible and satisfactory to nationalise Ebbw Vale outright.

Our Net Sales

Since the average weekly Net Sales of this journal first topped the 20,000 mark for the half year July—December, 1935, the figures published each half year, and certified by the Audit Bureau of Circulations, have shown a steady and most gratifying increase until to-day we publish (on p. 77) a certificate showing a total average net sale of 29,267 copies per week over the half year ending June 30th, 1938, which represents a 40 per cent. increase since the end of 1935. Part of this progress is undoubtedly due to the very material assistance which our regular readers have given us by introducing the paper to their friends and particularly in the form of Five Shilling Gift Subscriptions for an initial period of six months. This offer remains open all the year round, although it is our custom to advertise it only at Christmas time.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1.
POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1*d.; Foreign,* 1½*d.; Canada,* 1*d.*

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POLICY

If we supplement Mr. Chamberlain's speech of July 2nd by remarks that were intended to be "off the record" and recall at the same time the trend of his actions since he became Premier, we may get a very fair picture of his outlook, his fears and his policy. He has two fears—war and revolution. He hopes that the rulers of Germany and Italy at present share his view that war between the Great Powers, as distinct from wars against weak countries like Spain and Abyssinia, would end the existing system of society—if not of civilised life in Europe. In any case, Germany is not yet ready to risk general war. Therefore Mr. Chamberlain is optimistic about the immediate future. The question is how to use the short breathing space.

He calls his method the policy of appeasement. Since both Germany and Italy are set upon an expansionist programme he holds that peace involves concurrence in their advance, at least up to that point where it obviously endangers British interests. Mussolini, already seriously embarrassed, was anxious for a settlement some months ago. At the price of getting rid of Mr. Eden and playing the Fascist game in Spain, Mr. Chamberlain believed that we could settle our Mediterranean troubles without war. Britain would have to share power in the Mediterranean with Italy; it would be a climb down for the Empire, but the vital trade routes might be saved, because, although Italy might remain even in the event of war a nominal ally of Germany, she would be equally open to attack from Britain and therefore neutralised. From a purely imperial point of view the snag in this policy was that Germany as well as Italy might be so deeply entrenched in Spain by the time the war was over that the Mediterranean would prove to be a Fascist lake shut off from British ships. On this point Mr. Chamberlain appears to be singularly trustful of the Duce and of the Führer. So far, however, his policy has been thwarted by the obstinate refusal of the Spanish Republic to allow itself to be defeated and by the tactlessness of Franco's borrowed aeroplanes in continuing to bomb British ships, even when politely requested to refrain.

Mr. Chamberlain has made, and is still making, equally strenuous attempts to reach an accommodation with Germany. He has not been successful. He regards it as axiomatic that Germany must expand and as he has no ideological objections, but rather the reverse, to the defeat of the democratic cause in Spain, so he does not object in principle to Hitler's expansion in Central and Eastern Europe. He tried, very properly, to come to an Empire agreement with Hitler some months ago, and revealed, at the now famous Astor lunch party, his failure to get him to lay his cards on the table. In truth, Hitler says in private, as he has said in his public writings and speeches, that he has a full programme of expansion in Europe to occupy him at present, before he comes, in about four years' time, to turn his attention to Germany's lost African Empire. By that time France and England should both be helpless and Britain will have to return the colonies taken in the last war. If Britain gives way there is no reason for London—or Berlin—to suffer the fate of Barcelona or Canton.

Assured that Britain and France would not interfere in Central Europe, Hitler's first move was Austria; Czechoslovakia was to follow immediately. But the resolution of the Czechs, which forced the hand of both France and Britain, slowed down the tempo of his advance. To-day Hitler is waiting, as he has done on many occasions, with two policies in front of him—waiting for the opportune moment, as a seer waits looking into the crystal for the pattern which determines the future. When he yielded to the clamour of the Nazi Party against the advice of the Reichswehr in the cases of the Rhineland and Austria, events justified his decision. On this occasion the fact, which has nothing to do with threats or guarantees from Britain, that to march into Czechoslovakia would almost certainly be the beginning of general war, is so patent that he is likely to be content for some time to come with the method of blackmail. Provided that he avoids violence, he knows that he can rely on the good offices of the British Government to press the Czechs for concessions, which he perhaps hopes may prove ultimately fatal to the independence of the Czech Republic.

To embark on this policy of appeasement, to withdraw and accept humiliation, to share the Mediterranean and to allow Germany to strengthen her position in Eastern Europe—this is a price that Mr. Chamberlain is prepared to pay. The imminent danger of the policy of withdrawal is that the dictators may become so sure that Britain is now decadent that they may take a step which even the present Conservative Party cannot stand. The Opposition must be vigilant, if Mr. Chamberlain does not agree to run risks for the democratic cause, even at a time when Hitler is not prepared, lest it finds itself supporting a Conservative revolt and plunging us into war for some bit of territory marked red on the map, which is thought more important to British vested interests than a democratic Spain or an independent Czechoslovakia.

When we analyse Mr. Chamberlain's policy it is clear that it has behind it no conception but that of old-fashioned imperialism. He withdraws, but he declares that there is a point at which he will fight. He calls it British liberty and we hope he means it; we fear that he may mean British investments. The whole conception of the League has passed him by. Moreover, there are signs that though he is content to allow Hitler to establish a hegemony over Central Europe, he fears since his abortive conversations with Germany last winter that sooner or later British and German interests will clash. If he really intended to withdraw, why our present vast rearmament expenditure? The guns and tanks and aeroplanes are in the last resort manufactured for use against Germany, and there are signs too of a half-hearted attempt to oppose Germany's economic penetration of the Balkans and Near East. Hungary, perhaps, Mr. Chamberlain has written off as a German sphere of influence. British capital is competing with German in Rumania and rivalry may now be intensified in Poland and Jugoslavia. A Turkish loan has already been achieved. It will be seen that by a series of events so complicated as to make their trend imperceptible to the general public, we are moving back to almost precisely the pre-war situation. A British-French alliance in rivalry with an expanding German imperialism, leading sooner or later to war. The differences are that the new Germany is far more intransigent than the Kaiser's Germany, that the U.S.S.R. has taken the place of Imperial

Russia and that Italy, stronger than in 1914, is no longer in a position to double-cross her ally on the Brenner.

The difference does not end there; for to-day international capitalism, though divided and at loggerheads on the surface, is far more conscious of its unity of interest and of its fear of Socialism than it was before the last war. The invasion of Spain by Germany and Italy with British and French connivance would not have been conceivable in pre-war Europe. It is the British National Government which has saved and which is still saving Mussolini from collapse. Thus a new possibility emerges, if Mr. Chamberlain can remain in office long enough to carry it out. Possibly he hopes for a long time to avoid war with Germany by conniving at the process by which the forces of democracy are crushed; Germany may even embark on a war with Soviet Russia, before fulfilling the other half of the programme laid down in *Mein Kampf* and turning westwards to settle her account with France and, inevitably, with the British Empire.

There is still, we believe, an alternative to both these catastrophes. We have outlined it in several recent leading articles. The essence of the alternative policy is to rally the still democratic countries and to unite them economically and strategically, not with the idea of encircling Germany, but with the idea of building an area of economic contentment. This has long been part of Labour's programme; now is the time to shout it on the house-tops. It involves a declaration that the peoples of the democratic countries do not wish to encircle or to fight with those in the Fascist countries and that we are prepared to share any advantages we may possess through overseas empire. But these things must be said, if they are to be effective, not privately to Hitler, who knows them well enough and who contradicts them for reasons of internal propaganda, but with a voice which people would listen to throughout the civilised world and which could not altogether be silenced even in Fascist countries. Such a democratic initiative would meet to-day with a response from the bewildered and suffering citizens of fifty countries. It could refound the League and begin to reverse the wheels which ever more rapidly revolve towards chaos. But that voice could never be Mr. Chamberlain's, for he prefers paying danegeld to Fascists rather than run the risk of democratic revolutions; he is, in fact, the spokesman of interests which are themselves tied up with the Powers that are bombing coolies, Spanish militiamen and British sailors.

OXFORD ELECTRIC—II

FOR readers who missed the first part:

> This is the story of the battle between Oxford City and Edmundsons, one of the great holding companies which dominate electrical supply in the rural areas of England. Oxford City, one of the best managed electrical concerns in the country, is threatened with absorption by the Wessex, 100 per cent. a subsidiary of Edmundsons. Last January the Wessex (Chairman, Lord Meston) bought up Oxford Electric (Chairman, Lord Meston), a small company which supplies electricity to the suburbs of Oxford and a few square miles of agricultural country round. Oxford City offered a higher price, but a great majority of the shares of Oxford Electric, as well as the entire share capital of the Wessex are held by Edmundsons. The offer was refused, and the inhabitants concerned were faced with the continuance of the higher tariffs charged by Oxford Electric.

In the second part of our story we leave the provinces and travel up to Westminster. For Oxford City, outwitted in the game of financial control, decided to appeal to Parliament and gain from that august body permission to buy Oxford Electric. This Private Bill came before a select committee of the House of Lords and after 5½ days their Lordships curtly turned it down. But though the Bill was turned down, the proceedings served their purpose, for they threw a flood of light upon certain aspects of our financial system. In particular, they showed that Holding Companies, under the existing laws of the land, can flout with impunity the intentions of Parliament.

"Could you explain a little bit what a Holding Company is?" asked Lord Shaftesbury innocently on the third day of the proceedings. "Yes, my Lord, it is this: it is a company, which if you look at their balance sheet, you will find that their sole assets are shares. They simply own shares in other companies, and it is the other companies who do the work, and the holding company gets its money simply by dividends." It sounds quite simple and it is. Edmundsons has a capital of £7 millions and the bulk of its shares are held by Imperial Continental Gas, the Cushen Trust, the Prudential and the Banque Belge. This Holding Company controls the Wessex, the East Anglian, the Cornwall, the Shropshire, the Worcester and Stafford, and Bedford, Huntingdon and Cambridge County electricity companies. These working companies are of course monopolies, working under statutory powers, and from the point of view of lawyers, "independent" companies.

Edmundsons does not get its money only by dividends. Of its 1937 profits, £208,000 was gained by trading with its subsidiaries and with the outside world. (This figure rose to £281,000 in 1938). Exactly how this trading is carried on is a mystery which the House of Lords Committee was unwilling or unable to discover. Time after time Oxford City called for an analysis of the £208,000, but it was never forthcoming. However, the following two facts are not uninteresting, which were referred to by the chairman of the Oxford City Electricity Committee in a speech last month. They have not been denied by Edmundsons. In the first place the main contracting work in the area was, he said, carried out by Edmundsons for the Wessex at cost price plus 33⅓ per cent. Secondly, the directors of the Wessex decided to borrow £485,000 in the form of Debentures from Edmundsons at 4½ per cent. Edmundsons had obtained it at 3½ per cent. and thus make a cool £4,850 a year on this one transaction.

Remember that the whole burden of Edmundsons' case was the plight of the rural areas, their altruism in developing them at a loss, and their need of "urban plums" to make up their losses in the poorer areas. From the way that their witnesses talked you would have thought that their hearts bled night and day for the poor agricultural labourer, who could not obtain cheap electricity. But from the facts disclosed their sentiments are not as strong as their business sense. The Wessex only pays a 3½ per cent. dividend and therefore naturally claims that it cannot lower tariffs. Meanwhile Edmundsons, which controls the Wessex, pays 9 per cent. and gave a capital bonus of 150 per cent. in 1928 and another of 50 per cent. the other day.

Moreover, although electricity is a monopoly under statutory control, Edmundsons, which controls its operating companies, is under no control at all. Brig.-General Wade Hayes (of the American Army), its Managing Director, proudly boasted that the Electricity Commissioners had no statutory rights to require them to produce any accounts; and it was off their own bat that they submitted accounts and reports to them. Lord Meston, the Chairman of the Wessex and of Oxford Electric, stated that "it is the job of the Commissioners to look after the consumers' interests: the directors can look after the shareholders." But, in fact, there was no indication throughout the proceedings in the House of Lords that the Commissioners could protect the consumers at all. They were careful to explain to the American Brigadier that they had no control over or interest in the distribution of shares in the various working companies, but were concerned only in "the transfer of them to complete ownership" whenever that occurred. This means in effect that they take notice not of

real but of legal control. If Edmundsons own 100 per cent. of the shares of Wessex, that is no concern of the Commissioners; but if, owning 100 per cent. of the shares, they wish the Wessex to buy Oxford Electric, the Commissioners intervene to see that justice is done. In the proceedings of the House of Lords this remarkable process was discussed in the following passage of arms, in which Sir William Jowett cross-examined a Wessex witness and asked him what would have happened supposing that Edmundsons had previously been in possession of all the Oxford shares, as might well have been the case.

"When the Wessex Company are going to buy the Oxford undertaking for £239,000, is this what would happen: Wessex would send a cheque for £239,000 to Oxford?—Yes.

Oxford would then wind up, and (assuming there are no outside creditors—we will discuss that presently) would pay the £239,000 to their shareholders?—Yes.

The shareholder, and the sole shareholder, is Edmundsons?—Yes.

So that £239,000, which first of all starts from Wessex and then goes to Oxford is then handed by Oxford to Edmundsons?—That is right.

And as Edmundsons have found the money for Wessex to buy the Oxford undertaking, Edmundsons would transfer the £239,000 to Wessex?—They would have transferred the £239,000 to them in the first instance.

All this is a precious bit of book-keeping?—That is exactly one of the reasons why we would like to see it all Edmundsons; then we would not have to do all that.

It would save you from cheques at twopence each?—It would; it is a lot of work."

The Commissioners no doubt do their job well. It must be a really intricate matter to decide whether Edmundsons is paying Edmundsons a fair price for what belonged to Edmundsons all along. But when a Corporation like Oxford comes and asks, in the interest of the consumer, to purchase the right to distribute electricity to its own residents, Lord Meston can reply, "Public Utilities cannot be put up to auction," and gain the support of the Commissioners (who refused even to hear Oxford's case). They are compelled to live in a world of legal fictions.

Indeed, for the outsider, these proceedings have a remote charm all of their own. We soon forget the brute fact that in Oxford a four-room house using 1,500 units pays for electricity £4 3*s.* 9*d.*; in the Oxford suburbs (under Edmundsons) £6 8*s.* 7*d.*; and in a village three miles out (under Edmundsons) £8 12*s.* 6*d.* These awkward contacts with reality are sedulously avoided by their Lordships in their consideration of whether Oxford City should get power to provide its cheap tariffs to town and country alike. How much more charming it is to leave crude fact and wander in the fantastic world of the "ubiquitous Mr. Dawes"!

Mr. Dawes was secretary of Oxford Electric and also of the Wessex. In his office in Thames House (Edmundsons) he whiled away his time writing letters to himself from himself, to Lord Meston from Lord Meston. Now Edmundsons are business men and they felt here the need for rationalisation. The "purchase" of Oxford Electric, was, their witness solemnly told the Committee, with the sole purpose of effecting economies of administration. But on careful inquiry it was discovered that for years Edmundsons had managed Oxford Electric, and that the sole major changes which the purchase would produce were (1) the elimination of all correspondence between Mr. Dawes and Mr. Dawes, and (2) the probable halving of Mr. Dawes' salary. Stirred by this drastic action, without a spark of sympathy for Mr. Dawes, the Commissioners approved the purchase and the Select Committee found against Oxford City. Well might the spokesman for Edmundsons cry, "Do let us be just, do let us remember that but for holding companies electrical development to-day would be nothing like what it is."

Let me sum up the fruits of our inquiry. Electrical distributing companies were once permitted to work only under statutory powers. Now the Holding Company has released itself from parliamentary control by the device of buying up the shares in the working companies, while retaining the fiction of their legally independent existence. The Holding Companies, from equipment and other contracts with their satellite companies, can extract large profits for themselves, while keeping the earnings of their subsidiaries low enough to satisfy their statutory obligations. These profits, instead of going back into development as in the case of well-run municipal concerns, disappear into the pockets of financiers unless the financiers happen to feel kind and generous. The decision is left entirely to them. The Commissioners who are supposed to protect the consumer are impotent to do so.

There is one more thing to add. Next November the Government is to introduce its new legislation. By then the Holding Companies will have occupied every strategic position. There is only one answer to them and that is a rebellion of consumers.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

CAN LONDON LEARN FROM BARCELONA?

ON March 16th to 18th of this year there were thirteen air raids on Barcelona during forty hours. These form the subject of Mr. John Langdon-Davies' book *Air Raid* (Routledge, 2*s.* 6*d.*, which will certainly excite very wide interest and considerable controversy.

As is common with regard to the Spanish war, the facts are in dispute. Mr. Langdon-Davies says 3,000 were killed. The usual estimate is 1,400. He says the caves and tunnels in the suburbs give shelter for a few hundred families. An engineer who had spent a week studying shelters in Barcelona told me that they could hold rather over 250,000 people. Mr. Langdon-Davies is certainly wrong on a few minor points. Thus the bomb represented in Fig. 1 is a gas bomb, not an incendiary bomb, and the breadth of the streets shown on Plate XII is greater than the height of the houses, and not less, as depicted in Fig. 3.

But the photographs at the end are entirely reliable.

"Hic ubi disiectas moles, avulsaque saxis
Saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,"

you may see what we may reasonably expect in England in the next few years. The damage to Barcelona was almost entirely from high-explosive bombs. Gas was not used, and incendiaries were ineffective. As a large bomb may smash windows 400 yards away, it certainly creates conditions favourable for a subsequent gas attack.

Mr. Langdon-Davies' most important point is that the city was taken entirely by surprise. The aeroplanes shut off their engines at some distance out to sea, and their presence is not detected until the bombs fall and they are on their way back. And he regards this as a dress rehearsal for a raid on London. This is extremely important if true. But I doubt its truth. In order to approach unheard, aeroplanes attacking London from the east would have to shut off their engines beyond Shoeburyness and glide for at least forty miles. He believes that they can glide at an angle of 1 in 30. In my opinion the gliding angle of a fast bomber is much less than this. On the other hand Sunderland, Hartlepool, and probably Newcastle and Hull are in far greater danger from this silent approach.

However the question is a technical one. It is reasonably certain that the British experts know whether our detectors can hear a gliding aeroplane, and at what angle it can descend. It is quite certain that the House of Commons will be refused the relevant information. Yet if Mr. Langdon-Davies is right our entire Air Raid Precautions schemes, which are based on about 7 minutes' warning, are totally futile.

He goes on to describe the material and psychological effects in some detail. It is clear enough that our alleged protection against high-explosive bombs is almost all worthless. It is no good having a room made splinter-proof if your house is going to be knocked over. But the most interesting section is the psychological one. He stresses the psychological effect of noise, and the most novel and one of the most useful suggestions in his book is the value of ear defenders, which certainly reduce the sound of the most violent explosion to something like that of a cough, and yet permit of conversation. The account of panic is excellent, though I think he exaggerates the proportion of the population which was affected by it.

If these raids had been as effective as he makes out, another few days of them should have won the war for Mussolini, as he states. And the reasons given for their cessation on p. 16 are unconvincing, to me at least.

One practical conclusion drawn is that bomb-proof shelters are useless because of the lack of warning. Once again, this is a technical question. But at least it must be pointed out that the horrible conditions described in the grossly overcrowded shelters of Barcelona do not apply if shelters are made on a sufficient scale to hold the whole population of a town. This could be done for about £12 per head in London.[1] And the danger of silent approach does not apply to the majority of British towns.

Some of Mr. Langdon-Davies' suggestions are excellent. He stresses the importance of mass evacuation. But his scheme for children's camps is dangerous as it stands. Such camps have been bombed in Catalonia, and would be bombed in England. Groups of tents or wooden huts are even less safe than towns. They are only advisable if every camp is provided with bomb-proof shelters. This could easily be done if the London children were spread out along the chalk downs. And it must be remembered that a population in movement along roads is even more vulnerable than in a town.

For those who are not evacuated the proper psychological defence is to go on with one's work, and not to form part of a crowd, or so Mr. Langdon-Davies thinks. To my mind this statement plays into the hands of our Government, which is trying to organise all kinds of A.R.P. activities, some, though not all, of which are futile, instead of providing shelter. The value of a really effective shelter system has been proved in Spain, and those who doubt it should read Forrest's article[2] on Castellon. Castellon is a coastal town, but its population had pretty complete protection from air raids.

For such reasons as these I believe that Mr. Langdon-Davies is unduly defeatist, and may unwittingly give support to those who believe that the only protection against air raids is the regimentation of civilians. If the conditions which he describes were anything but exceptional, the Spanish Republic would have come to an end long ago. However, every man and woman with any knowledge of engineering or administration ought to be thinking about A.R.P. And this book will certainly give them food for thought.

It will also provide some hard facts for those who regard the present pro-Italian policy of Mr. Chamberlain as anything but an obscene insult to all persons with any moral principles whatever. After what I saw in Spain I find association with active supporters of Mr. Chamberlain physically repugnant, and I find it hard to understand how decent men and women can continue such association. Perhaps a study of this book will make my attitude intelligible. J. B. S. HALDANE

FARM LABOUR UNDER FASCISM

"FASCISM, above all, must become a rural phenomenon" was Mussolini's dictum in 1924. His platform views have not changed, and I was able to set out last winter to examine his treatment of the agricultural labourer with fine phrases ringing in my ears which extolled the virtues of rude simplicity and proclaimed that the Duce had not deserted the pre-war syndicalists who had followed him with their slogan: "The land for the peasants!"

According to the 1931 census agricultural classes accounted for rather less than half of the Italian population; of these 34.7 per cent. were landless peasants, working for a wage, either attached permanently to a farm or more usually, as *braccianti*, hired at need and then discharged. These peasants numbered 5,884,768, comprised in just over one million families. By far the largest class is that of the *braccianti*, found in force in the good farming lands of Lower Lombardy, Emilia and Romagna, centring on Bologna, which they had made the focus of their syndicalist organisations before and after the war. Land-hungry and well organised, "all those who need to earn a crust of bread and are not above manual labour," they waged perpetual warfare on their landowning employers, forcing by strike and boycott concessions of land upon which they set up among themselves their own collective contracts for co-operative cultivation, the always precarious *affittanze collettive*. The first co-operative contracts appeared in 1895, and began to spread in 1902, till in the immediate pre-war years many thousand *braccianti* were able to supplement their earnings by produce from land in which they had a share. This means of subsistence they used as a weapon in their fight with the landowners, and without the exacerbating influence of the war it seems that they would have forced a substantial measure of land reform. It is to the *braccianti* before all others that, as responsible Fascist writers admit, Fascism owes its oft-repeated promise: "We will settle the peasant on the land!" And the present Minister of Agriculture, after all, is Rossoni, who with Mussolini and Corridoni was the most vociferous syndicalist of 1919.

A late development of Fascist doctrine has been the recognition that part-sharing (notably *mezzadria* or *métayage*), with the proprietor providing land and capital and the peasant providing labour, both being limited by the "discipline" of corporative syndicates, represents an "ideal Fascist form." That is one way of saying that land-hunger and unemployment are not to be met by expropriation, and of warning landowners that for this they must pay the price of submission to centralised regulation. It is an obvious development of the policy of replacing the hated peasant co-operatives (which were undeniably useful in relieving unemployment) by *compartecipazione collettive*, strictly controlled co-operative part-sharing schemes. In some provinces, especially around Ravenna, Ferrara and Bologna, definite progress has been made towards an extension of part-sharing amongst casual labour. How much it is very difficult to say. According to one account some 800,000 hectares have passed into the hands of peasants since the war, but the figure is isolated and doubtful. Some of these contracts show an admirable adaptation of means to ends. One for *braccianti* made near Ferrara states: "... For national ends, farms must be gradually laid out, divided and improved for greater production. For social ends the completest form of part-sharing—even going as far as small-holdings—must be adopted. For land not cultivated through working tenants or *métayers* ... the working of the produce must be shared. Small-holders and working tenants shall give up for sharing any land which is in excess of their family labour capacity. The determination and distribution of the labour-quota (*mano d'opera*) and the assignment of land in part-sharing shall be regulated by mutual agreement between representatives of employers' syndicates and workers' syndicates." This contract includes most of the stipulations made by the Grand Council in 1931 after the full-dress inquiry into conditions of agricultural labour in the lower Po valley. To relieve unemployment there were recommended, among other measures, migration to reclaimed areas—an aspect of Italian life in which the Fascists have a good record—reduction in the size of holdings, money relief, labour-quotas to spread available employment and public works.

So far as they go these contracts are a step in the right direction. Unfortunately they do not go very far. There has been no radical change in the condition of agricultural labour. Unemployment remains a serious problem; this year some thirty thousand *braccianti* are being sent to Germany, and although Italian farm-workers have sought summer work abroad for many years, their migration cuts clean across Fascist aspirations and the "demographic problem." Wage-rates are not satisfactory on any view. The general level of agricultural real wages in the north reached in 1922 a point higher than ever before or since, fell and fluctuated until 1927, when

[1] Details in Daily Worker of June 23rd.

[2] News Chronicle, May 30th, 1938.

it again touched the high post-war point, and since 1927 has been steadily dropping, as the cost of living has mounted steeply. The "battle for grain," still to be won after thirteen years of effort, has long since lost its original purpose of relieving unemployment, and has shown itself in the south to be no sort of means of "settling the peasant on the land." Despite the enormous expenditure on land reclamation, by no means all of it to useful purpose, the great *latifondi* areas of the Mezzogiorno and the Islands cry out for money and reclaiming skill. As yet they have been scarcely touched, and it is not clear how the cost is to be met. If a small part of the money poured out in Abyssinia, ostensibly to relieve over-population, had been devoted instead to settling Italy itself, the problem of the *braccianti* might already have been solved.

In 1935 Professor Brizi published a detailed survey of part-sharing in Campania and Lucania, where the systems of tenure are of very long standing, which gives some idea of how far reclamation must go before agriculture can make progress. "The landowner is unprovided with capital to plough into the land or to use in cultivation which is at all progressive; either it is an association without interest in agriculture or a bourgeois who lives far from the land, and more or less strange to its ways. On the part-sharing peasant falls all the work and too great a part of the management, and he . . . is more or less incapable, through lack of technical assistance, of obtaining credit or of organisation. . . . No spirit of progress informs the enterprise; landowner and peasant are resigned to this poverty in agriculture." The peasant has less money and work than many wage-workers; he "sows and trusts in God."

Employment for casual labour "in which all peasants, part-sharers or small-holders or tenants participate is to-day reduced on the medium and large farms of this area by the economic depression resulting from the collapse of agricultural prices." Brizi's figures show that such families might earn, by working on others' land as well as their own, according to their status, from 2,300 to 1,600 lire per year. The peasant's "tie" to the land is weak not only in the mountains, "but also in the rich Campanian plain where a peasant often without security lends his arm to one of the richest agricultures in the world."

The fate of the farm labourer, who lost his voice in 1922 and since has only been heard muttering in a corner of the *trattoria*, throws light on the question whether or not Fascism is moving towards the socialisation of the means of production. Centralisation of control has certainly made steady progress; "the farm has become entirely State-controlled," write experts on *autarchia*, "merely the instrument of labour, the most important raw material—and labour is the national weapon with which the power of Italy is shaped." They claim that self-sufficiency is the logical development of the corporativist policy which seeks to plan national production for definite aims, the most important aim being presumably to equip Italy for war. Both capital and labour are obviously losing their grip on the steering-wheel, capital to the extent permitted to Mussolini by the natural resistance of vested interest, and labour to the extent permitted by the paramount need to maintain the regime's popularity; beyond those limits centralisation of control would meet the gravest difficulties.

The maintenance of a peasant class, the avowed aim of Fascism, demands a revolutionary delegation of control into the hands of the peasants. If they are not given the land outright, then they must be given the means to cultivate it in peace and the markets whereby to subsist. The extension of part-sharing in its explicit aspect of means to raise the landless labourer to the status of small-holder is directly contrary to this policy of centralisation; and one is forced to conclude that the latter, like *autarchia*, which is a menace to the peasant's markets, is an unwelcomed product of political circumstances.

BASIL DAVIDSON

A LONDON DIARY

Suitably, in the anniversary week of the murder of the Archduke at Serajevo, I turned up the files of the *Nation* for the summer of 1914. The Irish crisis dominated, of course, but Mr. Joseph Chamberlain died, and there was a terrific slanging match between Bernard Shaw and Ernest Newman about whether Mr. Newman appreciated Wagner and Strauss and whether Mr. Shaw told the truth. That was the kind of jolly game the war interrupted. Massingham's "leader" of August 1st urged that it would be "sheer insanity" to suggest that Britain should take part in an eastern European war between Teutons and Slavs. People who made this monstrous suggestion should be credited with arguing that "the fear of our armed intervention might conduce to the general peace," but on the contrary it would "encourage Russia to make war and there the whole danger lies." The next week Belgium shattered this picture; the paper is urging that now war has come its aim must be to substitute "for the broken theory of a Balance of Power the forms and reality of a European Concert." Then follows a remarkable series of articles and letters from J. L. Hammond, Lowes Dickinson, Norman Angell, H. W. Nevinson, H. G. Wells, Ramsay MacDonald, Bertrand Russell, Arthur Ponsonby, Roden Buxton and H. N. Brailsford, who agreed at least in their loathing of the war and their declaration that it was a war of Governments and the old diplomacy, not a war of peoples. Right from the beginning they talked of a European League to prevent war, though it was, I think, Brailsford who first used the phrase "League of Nations" as the title of his book advocating not a juridical League, but an economic League of Peoples—which might have been a more hopeful instrument. How far out the prophecy of the ablest and best informed may be when it comes to calculating the results of war, one realises when we find the *Nation* leader of August 22nd saying that "after the war we shall, we hope, have only one Power able to obstruct the reorganisation of a truly civilised Europe, and that will be Russia." This reveals the underlying weakness of all these disinterested and honest minds; they none of them, with the exception of Brailsford, had any understanding of the class conflict which prevented the full emancipation of the workers in Germany when the war ended and which led the Allies themselves to intervene in war against Russia, because Russia, so far from being a reactionary ally, had in the meantime become the one Power able to extricate herself from capitalism and Armageddon.

* * *

I was delighted to see Jawaharlal Nehru in England again. When he was here two years ago he was naturally cautious and rather taciturn; he was only just free after a long term of imprisonment. But no one could doubt that he was a most remarkable man with great powers of leadership, profoundly cultured, brave and determined, with strong Socialist opinions, and also capable, I thought, of those compromises without which no politician can succeed. This time he is far more confident, still entirely unaggressive and conciliatory in manner, but conscious of leaving behind him a great and still growing movement, strong enough to stand up to the British Raj on equal terms and certain before long to get its way. British people know, and for the most part want to know, very little about present-day India; the Right wants to regard India as settled and out of the way and the Left is so much more conscious of Barcelona, Vienna and Canton. All of which suggests that Britain may soon get another shock—for India is far from "settled." If the British Government has foresight and feels in the case of India the same need of unity in the Empire that prompted it to its statesmanlike settlement with the Irish Free State, we may yet prevent the flare-up that is otherwise certain over the issue of Federation, which, in its present form, has no support in India.

* * *

I inquired of an Indian with special knowledge of the subject about the progress of the campaign to abolish Un-

touchability. His reply was encouraging. The Bombay Government has passed a permissive law allowing temples to be opened to Untouchables where the trustees of the temple are willing, and he is expecting Madras soon to pass a compulsory law laying down that temples shall be free to all Hindoos whatever their caste. But what, I asked, of public feeling? Can Untouchables make use of their new freedom? My friend tells me that Gandhi's work has achieved wonders in this direction and that the moral revolt against the caste system is fast growing almost everywhere in India. In Travancore, not long ago, not only were the temples opened to Untouchables but they were escorted in by a crowd of worshippers and welcomed even by the priests.

* * *

By the death of Otto Bauer Social Democracy has lost the man who deserved to rank as its most distinguished leader. Though one thought of him first of all as a powerful intelligence in the world of theory, he had also constructive sagacity and the will of a man of action. Though he had several seniors who took precedence of him in the Austrian Social Democratic Party, he was its inspiring force in the tragically difficult yet hopeful years when this party built the Republic out of the wreckage of the Habsburg empire. His experiments in a type of Socialism that had been influenced by the Guild pattern were soon swept away in the financial crash by the League's controllers, but the spirit of this humane movement lived on in the municipality of Vienna. Of Bauer, one may say what can be said of few German Socialist leaders, that his Socialism was a living belief that he meant to realise in his lifetime. He was always friendly, as they were not, to Soviet Russia. But his attachment to democracy stood second only, if indeed it stood second, to his faith in Socialism, and Communists bitterly revile him for too long delaying the revolt of the Viennese workers against the destruction of the Constitution. I thought him tired and dejected when I met him some time afterwards, but he kept his courage and his uncompromising militancy, and contrived from his retreat in Czechoslovakia to give his party an underground organisation as effective as it was daring. He spoke well: he wrote well, and he had a cultural background that few leaders of the German party possessed. A life of disinterested generosity has been cut short as much by the tragedy that has now befallen his beloved Vienna as by any physical collapse.

* * *

When you first look at *The Land of the Free* (Boriswood, 10s. 6d.) you may imagine that you have merely got hold of a volume of superb photographs of current American life. Then, looking farther, you will find that the photographs (all actual and recent) have an order and a meaning and that the whole book should be treated as a film accompanied by a running commentary in the form of a poem by Archibald Macleish—a poem which is worthy of the pictures, and I cannot say more. If you treat the book in this way you will find that you have learnt more about the history and present condition of the United States than half a dozen ordinary books of propaganda would teach you. The story is the discovery by millions of working American men and women that what they believed to be their "inalienable right" to "life and liberty" was really "two hundred years of pine and hardwood and three generations of grass" and that with the land used up behind them and stumps of the forests to mock them and armed police to see they keep their damn mouths shut, they still have the liberty to walk "the narrow acre of the road"—past the barbed wire to the town where men are also wondering "if there's liberty a man can mean that's men, not land." But it is not possible to convey the quality of this brilliant and original book by quotation. I see that there is soon to be a companion volume *England—Land of the Free.*

* * *

The second number of *Query* (2s. 6d.) is devoted to the question of the Jews. It is a remarkable publishing adventure: a hundred-page magazine with no advertisements, excellently printed and illustrated and devoted entirely to a single topic treated from many angles, historical and current. The contributors include H. G. Wells, Hilaire Belloc, Negley Farson, Lord Londonderry, Henri de Kerillis, Louis Golding, Colonel Wedgwood, Commander Locker-Lampson, and Sir Oswald Mosley. I need not say that they vary in merit as much as in point of view. In general I should say that one gets from the whole a very fair appreciation of the story of Jewish persecution, their present position and some discussion of suggested solutions. It is certainly one of the most terrible stories in history and its present chapter is the most terrible of all As people will be sure to say that it is Jewish propaganda I have ascertained that *Query* is a straightforward publishing adventure which looks like paying on sales, has no need of any secret subsidy, and has, in fact, no Jewish money connected with it. There is a shocking story that one of those concerned in the venture had one Jewish grandmother, but I understand that he is not quite sure.

* * *

The working classes may demand bomb-proof shelters but a letter which has just come into my hands shows that the smart business mind may think such luxuries unnecessary and arrange A.R.P. on the cheap. This letter has been circulated by the directors of a Birmingham factory to householders in the neighbourhood. It requests them each—"in accordance with Government recommendation"!—to give shelter to two of the factory employees. This demand is, however, sweetened by the following words:

> To those who accept our offer we will provide, when a state of emergency is declared, a reel of about 500 feet of gummed paper, which will assist the householder towards sealing against gas the room they select. Our employees will also carry with them a reel of gummed tape to enable doors and other apertures to be completed.

Is it necessary to add that the factory makes carton boxes?

* * *

Our language is continually being enriched by trade names which become common usage after a time, but there is a period of their life when they have to be handled with care. Manufacturers are naturally keen about protecting their own property. For instance a chemist on being asked for a "Tabloid" of aspirin must supply the product of a well-known firm; so must the outfitter who sells a "Burberry." Therefore I am requested to make it quite clear that Y. Y.'s reformed litter-thrower (June 18th issue) hesitates to throw "Cellophane" (the registered product of British Cellophane Ltd.) and not just cellophane.

* * *

I gather that the captains and sailors who run Franco's air blockade are not to be deterred by little things like bombs. They are stout fellows, satisfied with the high pay and democratic in their sympathies. They intend to go on until hell freezes. The people who run the greatest risks, I'm told, are the observation officers of the Non-intervention Committee who have to stay on board night and day and who get about the wages of the cabin boys. Mussolini and Franco have apparently slowed down for a time for fear that they will provoke the House of Commons into upsetting Mr. Chamberlain. Will they hold off when Parliament rises? August is an ugly month internationally. Meanwhile the latest crack from Rome runs, "If you twist the lion's tail he opens his mouth and shows his false teeth!"

* * *

A correspondent reminds me that Keats in *Hyperion* foresaw General Franco's reply to Mr. Chamberlain:

> Dost thou forget, sham monarch of the Waves,
> Thy scalding in the seas?

* * *

Sagittarius writes:

> The Non-Intervention Committee once more
> Sets a riddle uncommonly pretty—
> Say, will the Committee first finish the War
> Or the War finish off the Committee?

CRITIC

THE CASE FOR LEISURE AND THE OBSTACLES

THE number of insured workers in employment in Great Britain reached a peak last summer, and then, despite the intensification of armament-making, began to decline. The decline has not yet gone very far; but by the middle of May there were about 150,000 fewer workers in employment than there had been a year previously, and about 167,000 more persons registered as out of work. Industry is now sinking, albeit slowly, into a new slump. We are therefore in a position to assess the extent to which the process of rearming does in fact induce the situation of "full employment" held up to us by the economists as the *optimum*.

In September 1937, which was the best month—and when the numbers registered as out of work were further reduced by a change in the method of counting—there were no fewer than 1,333,000 persons unemployed in the insured trades, exclusive of agricultural workers and juveniles. The unemployed percentage was exactly ten (11 per cent. among men, and 7.3 per cent. among women), and in individual industries the percentages ranged from 36 in public works contracting and 23½ per cent. in shipbuilding to a little over 3 in the distributive trades. Of other great industries coal mining had 13 per cent., cotton 12, clothing 10, building 11, steel 10, printing, motor car manufacture and general engineering only 5 in each case. For most producing industries, even under conditions of exceptional stimulus, something like 5 per cent. appeared to be the irreducible minimum; and for many it seemed that the minimum must be put at 10. There was, in effect, without taking account of further losses due to sickness or to unrecorded underemployment, a wastage of 10 per cent. of the total available labour force even at the height of the 1937 recovery. No doubt these figures call for some qualification. They cannot be simply compared with the 2 per cent. recorded as unemployed in 1913 by the Trade Unions making returns; for since then the methods of enumerating the workless have been greatly improved. Nor can we leave out of account the existence in 1937 of abnormal depression in certain industries and areas. But assuredly these two factors combined are not enough to account for the difference between 2 per cent. and 10 per cent. In 1937 unemployment differed in intensity from 5½ per cent. in London and the South-East to nearly 20 per cent. in Wales, and 21½ per cent. in Northern Ireland. In the Midlands, undoubtedly in general a prosperous area, it was 7 per cent.; and the difference between 7 per cent. and 2 per cent. is certainly not attributable to changes in the method of counting the workless.

Let us take 7 per cent., rather than the general average of 10 per cent., as representing the probable minimum level of unemployment in a period of business activity—leaving out altogether the excess of unemployment in the depressed areas. How much of this are we to regard as unavoidably "frictional" and how much as due to the failure of the economic system to make reasonable use of the available supply of labour? In view of the pre-war figures, 3½ per cent. is surely a generous allowance for "frictional" unemployment in all its forms, leaving 3½ per cent. for "waste" unemployment, *plus* another 3 per cent. for "depressed area" unemployment, at the most favourable moment for British industry since 1930. We are wasting, apart from the unmeasured underemployment which is also serious in many trades, at least 6½ per cent. of our total labouring capacity, and less than half of this wastage is attributable to special causes, such as the decline in coal-mining, shipbuilding and the textile trades.

Despite the repeated movements for shorter working hours since the war, the majority of British industries are still working a forty-eight hour week. Some trades have a somewhat shorter working week, but about 10 per cent. of industrial workers still seem to work more than forty-eight hours. On a forty-eight hour standard, the adoption of the forty-hour week would reduce total working time by one-sixth, or nearly 17 per cent. This is much more than the wastage due to unemployment last summer; and it is accordingly argued that the forty-hour week could not be introduced without a considerable fall in total output. Even a curtailment of hours to forty-four would involve a reduction of more than 8 per cent. in working time, on the assumption of an existing average of 48 hours. Admitting that this average is too high—for many non-manual workers have a much shorter standard week—a reduction to forty-four hours would reduce the available supply of labour by an amount roughly corresponding to the wastage unemployment; including the excess unemployment of the depressed areas, but not any part of the frictional unemployment, of the summer of 1937.

This, however, is not the whole story. A reduction of standard working hours does not necessarily imply an equivalent fall in actual hours worked. It may mean that some hours previously worked at ordinary wages will be worked at overtime rates. This has been the tendency in France since the adoption of the forty-hour week; and the recent decrees have aimed at putting back some of these extra hours of labour to the ordinary wage-rates in order to reduce costs. In Italy, which has also a *nominal* forty-hour week, overtime payments only begin in any case after 48 hours, and permission is in fact freely given to work up to and beyond the 48 hours. In the United States working hours averaged about 41 in the spring of 1937, before the recession brought them sharply down to an average of 33 or 34 during the winter. If overtime were to be allowed freely up to, say, 48 hours, the reduction in the standard working week would not necessarily involve a corresponding fall in labour supply, but would involve an increase in the costs of production, on the assumption that standard rates of wages were maintained. Employers contend that the rise in wages would reduce employment, and therewith output. This is true in some trades, dependent on competitive foreign markets. Whether it is true of industry as a whole is, as Mr. Keynes has pointed out, a much more complicated question.

It is best, however, for our present purpose, to leave the complication of overtime aside, and assume an actual reduction in the amount of labour available both absolutely, and in return for the standard weekly wage. Under these conditions total output per worker can be maintained only if average production per unit of labour is increased, and costs must rise unless the increase in output is enough to offset the fall in hours. For this reason it is not a simple matter to absorb the unemployed by reducing working hours, even apart from difficulties arising out of the unadaptability of the available surplus of unemployed workers. For, if costs do rise, some industries will employ less labour, and if they do not there is no reason why industry should employ more.

The plain fact is that the economic system, as it is now organised, is not adapted to employing the whole supply of labour at any wage or at any level of working hours. Why this is so, whereas it was not so, or was much less so, in the last generation, is a complicated matter. But three factors seem to have an important bearing upon it. One factor, of course, is the decline in foreign markets, whereas British industry has been adapted to a continuous expansion of overseas demand. A second factor is the growth of rationalisation in all its forms, and especially in those forms which cause employers to check the expansion of plant in periods of recovery in order to hold up prices and protect themselves against a coming recession. And a third factor is that industrial plant has become much cheaper to produce, so that the ratio between the "savings" of the investing classes and the investments required by industry has altered under the double influence of this cheapening and of rationalisation. This is the familiar phenomenon of "over-saving" or "under-investment," aggravated by the decline in investment overseas.

In these circumstances, as we have already cause to know, the maintenance of the demand for labour at a high level in such industries as road-making and house-building (or of course armaments) has become indispensable to prevent depression. The existing economic system, as far as it depends on the profit motive, will neither use the available labour nor allow

society to convert unemployment into an increased allowance of leisure. Wherever, as in France and the United States, hours have been reduced, Capitalism retaliates with a refusal to invest, and the problem of unemployment remains unsolved save to the extent to which the State intervenes to provide work. Moreover, increasing productivity tends to create more unemployment by decreasing the call for labour in the industries making capital goods, and thus widening the gap. The problem becomes insoluble within the conditions of capitalist profit-making at its present stage. But it must be tackled, if further rationalisation is not to drive technological unemployment higher still. The question is how to tackle it, if it can be tackled at all without a complete change of system.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Hayward N. Wane.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Two men each fined £2 8s. at West Hartlepool yesterday for damaging grass while seeking mushrooms were told by the presiding magistrate: "You are on the road to Hell, and if you don't mend your ways about this sort of thing, you will end there."—*Daily Express.*

I walk backwards up Baron Hill on my homecoming at the end of the day, and find that this enables me to get there with considerably less exhaustion than if I walked in the usual way.—Letter in *Daily Express.*

An imposing carriage with magnificent horses and immaculately liveried, cockaded coachman and footman is now rare, but the impression given is that the occupants must be of exalted station.

So the world judges the importance of the tiny occupant by the Baby Coach he rides in. Outstanding dignity is usually sufficient to place it as a HITCHINGS, without looking for the name on the bodywork or cross handle.—From a Shop Catalogue.

WASTING ONE'S TIME

WHEN I read recently that, as an Oxford undergraduate, W. E. Gladstone worked sixteen hours a day, I was conscious of two conflicting attitudes to this paragon of industry—one of admiration for a young man who never wasted a moment of his time, one of doubt whether Gladstone did not waste a great deal of time in never wasting a moment of his time. In my own youth, I frankly confess, there were occasions on which I would have given much to be a Gladstone. How often, smitten by the pangs of conscience, have I looked forward longingly to a life of continuous toil and seen myself as a self-bound galley-slave making daily headway through the laborious seas of learning! "To-morrow is a new day"—how is it that, when we repeat this sentence to ourselves, it always conjures up a prospect of a day devoted to industry and virtue? No matter how unattractive work may seem to-day, there is something in the idea of work to-morrow that, when we are young, stirs the finer parts of our nature to enthusiasm. Human beings love to be serious; at least, they love to look forward to being serious.

In *A Writer's Notes on His Trade*, C. E. Montague tells us how the undergraduates of his day were roused to a sense of the seriousness of life by a sermon in which Benjamin Jowett said: "I find it set down in tables that the average duration ("expectation"?) of human life, at the age of twenty-one, is about thirty-six years. We may hope for a little more; we may fear a little less; but, speaking generally, thirty-six years, or about 13,000 days, is the time in which our task must be accomplished." To the middle-aged Epicurean such a calculation might suggest that, as there is so little time in which to do anything, it is scarcely worth while trying to do anything at all. With the serious young, however, it is different. "Our young minds," says Montague, referring to the sermon, "were so electrified by this quaint piece of precision, so unexpected, from a pulpit, that they were instantly opened wide for the reception of what followed—that we should be shabby fellows if we spent any serious proportion of our 13,000 days in shirking or whining or spunging on the more manful part of mankind." How well one knows that electrified feeling! I, too, would have experienced it, if I had been there, and would have gone to bed that night, vowing that, so far as it lay in my power, not one of those precious 13,000 days should be wasted.

At the same time, with all my midnight passion for taking life seriously, I was sometimes vexed by doubts whether the work I was supposed to do was a very serious matter and whether it was not even more a waste of time to attend the mathematics class than to spend the hour talking under a tree in the Botanic Gardens. My uncle thought that no time was wasted that was spent in work, and by "work" he meant doing anything, however useless otherwise, that would enable you to pass an examination. If you studied *Macbeth* as a text-book, that was work: if *Macbeth* was not set for the examination, however, to read it was mere idling. Both my philosophy (borrowed from Stevenson) and my natural indolence rebelled against so simple a definition. Chiefly, I think, my natural indolence. I did, however, feel that Thoreau took life more seriously than my uncle, though my uncle would undoubtedly have called Thoreau, as Stevenson called him, a shirker. The truth is, of course, I had no philosophy at all—merely laziness, and excuses for laziness, and dreams of energy surpassing that of the village blacksmith.

Even so, I still find it difficult to say what constitutes either work or a waste of time. I once heard a professional footballer saying: "Work is anything you're paid to do. Football is work if you play for Arsenal; it's play, if you play for Corinthians." If this is the correct definition of work, then my uncle would have held that, whereas a professional player is a man who takes life seriously, an amateur player is a man who more or less wastes his time. Obviously, however, the definition is not sound. If it were, we should have to believe that, after working in an honourable and praiseworthy fashion as a professional cricketer for years, Mr. W. L. Hammond, the English captain, is now frittering his time away because he has turned amateur. There are, it must be admitted, some people who would say that cricketers, both professional and amateur, not only fritter their time away but tempt thousands of spectators to fritter their time away. In a brief life, how many of those 13,000 days of Jowett could a serious-minded man devote to sport? On what theory can six days a week devoted to cricket be justified? My uncle would have said that everyone who is making money out of it is living wisely and uprightly, but that every one who is merely enjoying it is wasting his time in frivolous amusement.

I sometimes wonder, however, whether the hardworking student is not often as much bent on amusement as the hard-working sportsman. Is it so much less amusing to pore over the variant readings in Aeschylus than to score a century at Lord's? Are Horace's odes not as entertaining as the community singing of "Pack Up Your Troubles" at a Cup Final? Even Roman history attains at times as high a level of excitement as All-in Wrestling. In the old days, when examinations were held to be an end in themselves, the pursuits of scholars were defended on the ground that they helped a man to pass examinations. Now that examinations have become a superstition of the past, however, a great deal of scholarship, it seems to me, must be admitted to be sheer frivolity and to have no excuse except that, like cricket and conversation and other time-wasting forms of self-indulgence, it enables a certain number of people to live more pleasantly. What could be more frivolous, indeed, than the mass of Shake-spearean scholarship? Is it conceivable that any serious philosopher in quest of the true, the beautiful and the good would spend a considerable portion of his 13,000 days trying to elucidate such phrases as "Woo't drink up eisel, eat a crocodile?" How can a man sincerely hold that life is real, life is earnest, and at the same time engross himself in such

questions as whether or not Hamlet was really fat as well as scant of breath? It is, everyone will admit, extremely enjoyable to ask and to try to answer such questions; but can it be called "work"?

Science is in some respects more serious. It has alleviated an enormous amount of misery and has enormously increased the material comfort of mankind. At the same time, I cannot help suspecting that a good deal of science has the interest largely of gossip—gossip about the stars, gossip about birds, gossip about fish, gossip about the unconscious. To the ordinary man the mileage of the earth's circumference is as useless a piece of information as the mileage per minute of Sir Malcolm Campbell's motor-car. The news that the men of science give us about the earth and the universe is as interesting in its way as the news we read in the newspapers, but, unless we are trained scientific students, it settles in our minds, for the most part, as a jumble of unrelated facts. No more than a knowledge of Latin scansion does it lead to any end at which we can be sure we shall have learned to live more wisely.

Not that I would find fault with it on that account. I believe that wisdom should be our goal, but that, in the absence of wisdom, we are wise to fall back on enjoyment. To my mind one of the most appalling things that could happen to the world would be to be ruled by unwise men who did not know how to enjoy themselves. Enjoyment on the whole makes for mutual tolerance, and those who stand aloof from all the common pleasures—who regard cricket and eating and drinking and cinema-going and novel-reading as a waste of time—have a way of making life very disagreeable for other people. How often an abstemious ruler becomes a tyrant! I am sure that Europe would be a far happier continent to-day if the head of every State had been taught in his youth the art of wasting time. Unfortunately we have several rulers to-day who are themselves so indifferent to enjoyment that they are sincerely convinced that enjoyment is a disease from which their fellow-citizens must at all costs be saved. They live in a frenzy of seriousness for sixteen hours a day, and hold that the noblest work that any man can do is to prepare for the day when millions of human beings will bomb each other to pieces. If this is work, then I hold, as Adam did, that work is a curse. If I were a philosopher, I would say: "Learn to waste your time wisely and you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you will do comparatively little harm." Y.Y.

Correspondence

NATIONAL LEADERSHIP

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Ben Greene prompts me to ask him to state precisely what it is that he wants from the Leadership of the Labour Party. When Mr. Greene forsakes airy generalities and talks about mechanical majorities carrying programmes at Party Conferences, he obviously is labouring under a delusion. The Short Programme of the Party was enthusiastically endorsed at Bournemouth without the use of any mechanical majority; and, surely, what the Party needs to-day is the spirit and enthusiasm of Bournemouth to be continuously active in all sections of the Party.

One final point. The Bournemouth Conference, notwithstanding the curious efforts of Mr. Ben Greene, acceded to the claim of the Constituency Parties to elect for themselves their own representatives to the Executive Committee of the Party. Mr. Ben Greene was a candidate for the E.C., but was not elected. Are we to have these doleful lamentations from Mr. Greene, until the Party takes him at his own valuation and elects him to the E.C.? T. W. BURDEN

Railway Clerks' Association
of Great Britain and Ireland.
27 Deyncourt Gardens, Upminster, Essex.

THE WAKAMBA

SIR,—No one will dispute Sir Daniel Hall's statement that the land in the Wakamba Reserve has been reduced in this generation to something like desert. He might have added that from the Cape Cis-Kei to the Wakamba country Reserves are everywhere the same. Sir Daniel takes Mr. Kenyatta to task in your issue of July 2nd for the omission of certain relevant facts; but in his well-known zeal for the instruction of Africans in better methods of cattle-keeping he himself hardly covers the ground needed to help British opinion to reach sound conclusions on the issues involved.

In the first place, since Kenya is one of many colonies which has never attempted a serious census, so eminent an authority should be wary of loose assertions about the "enormous increase," whether of men or of cattle, assumed to result from the blessings of the Pax Britannica. The number of cattle is no doubt excessive for the Reserves in their present condition, but it is not in itself absolutely great. He does not supply, and I have rarely myself met, evidence that any of these crowded tribes have more than one or two head of cattle per head of population—a very small allowance for any purely pastoral people. In neighbouring Settler country farmers keep proportionately far greater numbers of cattle in much less space. This they are able to do largely by a proper system of fencing, and for Africans the remedy is ultimately the same. As Mr. Kenyatta pointed out, the old nomadic system of grazing has been made impossible. It is therefore our responsibility to put them in such decent economic state that they can afford new methods, towards which the Wakamba might in time come to see the meat factory as as a useful help. That they know the value of better conditions is proved by the competition for places as "squatters" on European farms.

Economic prosperity, however, depends on the development of the country as a whole, and above all on the prospects for Africans not only in their Reserves but in European areas, which are everywhere the chief if not the only centres of real economic opportunity. The immediately helpful course must be to relieve the pressure by improving the status of Africans for whom in the Reserves there is no room. If, therefore, Mr. Kenyatta is to devote his energies to preaching better methods to Africans, Sir Daniel himself might profitably reciprocate by helping to secure from the Kenya Government something better than the latest Resident Native Labourers Ordinance, which seems to have for its main object a process of squeezing still more Africans into these already devastated Reserves. On this theme I have written at length in a recently published book, *Africa Emergent*. Here I will venture no more than that the blame attaches not to the Wakamba and their methods, but rather to our own chosen policy of penning these people in limited and artificial reserves.

Penn, Bucks. W. M. MACMILLAN

THE WALLACE CASE

SIR,—I cannot imagine that anyone who has seen much of the work of lay magistrates will view without misgiving the action of the Nottingham Bench in excluding the press from the hearing of a manslaughter case.

But however this may be, I must really correct the statements you make in your issue of June 25th as to the Wallace Case, in which I was leading counsel for the Crown.

It is not true to say that Mr. Justice Wright told the jury that there was no evidence against Wallace. Of course, if he had thought so, he would have directed the jury to return a verdict of Not Guilty. All he did was to warn the jury as to the circumstantial nature of the evidence, and towards the end of his summing-up he said:

> However you regard the matter, the whole crime was so skilfully devised and so skilfully executed, and there is such an absence of any trace to incriminate anybody, as to make it very difficult to say—*although it is a matter entirely for you*—that it can be brought home to anybody in particular.
>
> If there was an unknown murderer, he has covered up his traces. Can you say that it is absolutely impossible that there was some such person? But putting that aside as not being the real question, can you say, taking all the evidence as a whole, *bearing in mind the strength of the case put forward by the police and the Prosecution*, that you are satisfied beyond all reasonable doubt that it was the hand of the prisoner and no other hand, that murdered this woman?

I have re-read the shorthand note of the Judge's summing-up, and there is nothing that justifies the passage in your paper to which I take exception, involving as it does a most undeserved reflection upon the jury.

The legal advisers for the defence were allowed to choose the places in Lancashire from which the jury should be called, and availed themselves of the privilege. No one who heard the case

could possibly have thought that the preliminary publicity in the newspapers had any effect whatever on the verdict of this jury so fairly chosen.

Personally I never read the newspaper reports of the Police Court proceedings, but on the evidence given at the trial I came to the same conclusion as the jury. I remember saying in the Court of Criminal Appeal that in my view the evidence against Wallace was "positively overwhelming." That is still my view.

1 Hare Court, Temple, E.C.4. EDWARD G. HEMMERDE

[The judge's remark that there was "such an absence of any trace to incriminate anybody, as to make it very difficult to say that it can be brought home to anybody in particular," seems to bear out our statement that the judge held that there was no evidence against the accused. The Court of Criminal appeal took the same view.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

CYCLISTS AND REAR LIGHTS

SIR,—The National Committee on Cycling is at present considering the Transport Advisory Council's Report on Accidents to Cyclists, so I make no comment on the recommendations as such. Reference has been made in your columns, however, to the Council's findings on the rear-light question, and I would like to draw attention to an important aspect of that matter.

When the Council was asked by the Minister of Transport to investigate cyclists' safety it set up a committee of thirteen. Only one of the thirteen was a cyclist. The committee heard evidence from a number of organisations and trade interests. The evidence was carefully considered, and seven members of the committee accepted the C.T.C. view of the rear-light question. That was a remarkable verdict in our favour. It was given by those who had heard the evidence—the only acceptable jury. Nevertheless it was reversed by the Council as a whole, and the majority of the investigating committee, whose findings had been rejected, had to record their disagreement by means of a "reservation" on the report. Four other members of the Council also added their signatures.

If the Council were only prepared to accept a verdict that coincided with their own preconceived views, why was the committee ever formed, and why was so much time and trouble wasted on the hearing of evidence? It would have been wiser to hear no evidence than to reject a verdict honestly based on it. Whoever attaches importance to the impartiality of official committees must condemn the methods of the T.A.C.

Cyclists' Touring Club, 3 Craven Hill, London, W.2. G. HERBERT STANCER, Secretary.

BRITISH MOTOR CYCLES

SIR,—As a new reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION I was surprised and pleased to see the article by Mr. Davidson "Germany and High Speed." However, as a motor cyclist I cannot let this article go unchallenged.

I think Mr. Davidson will agree with me when I say that the Isle of Man circuit is the most severe test of a racing motor cycle in the world? On that circuit, braking, steering, acceleration, road-holding and speed are essential to success.

From 1931 to 1938 inclusive the Norton motor cycle has won every Senior (500 c.c.) race, excepting 1935. This year the nearest German B.M.W. machine, plus supercharger, was fifth only. Messrs. Norton Motors have won, I believe, 19 Tourist Trophy races in all, which must be a record unsurpassed.

Referring to the D.K.W. in the Lightweight (250 c.c.) race, this machine too was supercharged. In the car racing world, I think, supercharged machines have to go into a larger class, this makes the second machine the English Excelsior show up very creditably, for without supercharger it was only 4 miles per hour slower.

If Mr. Davidson consults the records, I think he will find that in the majority of Continental races of any importance, British machines have outclassed the others, German or otherwise.

Though I agree on one point with Mr. Davidson that the German has originality, I hope this letter will demonstrate the fact that in the finest sport of all, motor cycling, England is neither "paralysed" nor have we "lost our mastery." R. E. DYSON

6 Duchy Crescent, Heaton, Bradford.

ANONYMITY

SIR,—As a believer in anonymity—for repertory purposes, at least—Critic's remarks in your issue of June 25th seemed to me very sensible. As an alternative to "star" boosting, the system to which he refers should focus attention on actors for what they can do rather than for who they happen to be. And why not extend this anonymity to playwrights, at any rate during the early run of a play, so that the judgment of critics and public should not be influenced—or unconsciously diluted—by the glamour of a "big" name? Despite the reiteration about to-day's great opportunities for the unknown playwright Bannal's remark in Shaw's "Fannys' First Play" ("You don't expect me to know what to say about a play when I don't know who the author is, do you?") is not entirely past history nor is it wholly inappropriate at present if one substitutes the word actor for author.

Princess Bibesco asks: "Shall we soon on behalf of fair play and fair playing see performers in masks lest they should profit by some unearned capital of beauty? What steps can be taken to disguise voices?" Much depends, of course, on one's conception of facial beauty. Certainly there have been times when the writer has earnestly wished that something could be done in this direction about some of the film "pretties." Apparently, however, Hollywood is now using a mask-like substance which can temporarily change the shape and expression of faces; so there may still be hope even there. Unfortunately similar progress in disguising voices cannot have been made or surely something would have been done about the cissified tones of some of our younger actors.

UNNAMED

We are glad to acknowledge the following further sums for Spanish Relief: David L. Hatten (£5); Anon. (£2); T. D. McE., R. McKie (£1); F. G. Loveridge (19s. 8d.); E. P. R. (10s.); S. C. Sutton (7s. 6d.); Margaret Miall (5s. 3d.); F. H. Chase ($5).

Miscellany

MADRID

(*Translated from the Spanish of Manuel Altolaguirre.*)

HORIZON of war, whose lights,
whose unexpected sunrises, so brief,
whose fleeting dawns, promises, fires,
multiply the interminable death.
Here in Madrid, by night, solitary, sad,
the front and my frown are both synonymous
and above my gaze like a lament
the heroes crash, they fall submerged
in the green abyss of my face.
I know that I am deserted, that I am alone
that the front parallel with my frown,
disdains my grief and me accompanies.
Before the glorious circle of fire
I can evoke nothing, nor anything from anyone.
There is no memory, pleasure, lived before,
which I can call back from my past.
There is no absence, no legend, no hope
to calm my agony with its illusion.
Here in Madrid, facing death
my narrow heart keeps hidden
a love which grieves me which I cannot
even reveal to this night
before this immense field of heroism.

STEPHEN SPENDER

JANUS WEATHERCOCK : OR THE VIRTUOSO'S TRAGEDY

WE have most of us contemplated committing a crime—and wished that that particular crime could be committed quietly, impersonally, without involving any danger of detection; but the darkest intentions are not bad enough, for to commit a crime one must traverse, or allow oneself very gradually to drift across, a borderline that separates wishful thinking from desperate acting, his "fashionably dressed" audience from the man in the dock, ordinary human beings from legendary monsters. The exact position of this frontier-zone is hard to

decide. Where does it begin? Is there any point in his progress towards criminality at which the criminal realises that he has crossed the border and that wild imaginings have assumed an uncomfortably concrete shape? Or is the transition quite imperceptible? Many celebrated felons have been habitual day-dreamers. They are also—most of them—exceedingly conceited persons, either armoured with an invincible self-righteousness or intoxicated with their own intelligence and virile bravado. Hauptmann (if we accept his guilt) was among the former. "I feel I am innocent—I *am* innocent!" he is reported to have exclaimed during the course of the long, miserable, disgusting trial that sent him to the electric chair. Landru was a member of the latter class, a small-time swindler and petty amorist whose egotism jutted as aggressively as his famous beard. What pigeon-hole can we find for Thomas Wainewright? Mr. Jonathan Curling's biography* of this amiable virtuoso and accomplished poisoner is a little too voluminous and, in parts, rather dully and scrappily written; but it contains some interesting new material and throws fascinating sidelights on the criminal temperament.

For example, there are the facts of Wainewright's ancestry. His maternal grandfather was Dr. Ralph Griffiths; and Dr. Griffiths, besides being the proprietor of the eminently respectable *Monthly Review* (on which he employed Oliver Goldsmith as a sweated assistant), was also the publisher of *Fanny Hill*, that most elegant of English pornographic novels. John Cleland obtained twenty guineas for his manuscript and, disappointed by his ill-success in the field of pornographic literature, turned to the philosophic study of language, producing a book entitled *The Way to Things by Words and to Words by Things*; but the publisher gathered in a handsome profit; and at the time of his death this "free-hearted, lively and intelligent" man, who "abounded beyond most men in literary history and anecdote," had managed to accumulate a fair-sized fortune and had bought himself a large house at Turnham Green. Linden House was strangely connected with Wainewright's destiny. The bookseller and publisher had become a gentleman; and the symbol of his gentility was an impressive building, secluded in its pleasant leafy gardens. Thomas Wainewright was determined to remain a gentleman, and aspired to the combined dignity of artist and author.

By temperament, he was volatile, gay and expansive. "I am certainly an amiable creature" (he admitted in one of his occasional essays). "Every action of my life emanates from a wish to please." His friends, on the whole, agreed with this estimate. He was a "facetious, good-hearted fellow," remarked the rustic poet, John Clare. Barry Cornwall spoke of his "restless pleasantry . . . ever veering, catching the sun and shade"; while Charles Lamb referred to him in print as "the light, and warm-as-light hearted Janus of the *London*." And, if he pleased his acquaintances, he pleased himself. Janus Weathercock—such was the pseudonym he had adopted—was the type of essayist, who abounds in autobiographical whimsies and in agreeable reflections of his own good taste. He portrays himself in all manner of becoming attitudes. Now he is depicted driving up to London in his smart new gig, whisking "along green lanes, between high hedges of the sweet hawthorn and the elegant wild briar," peeping "betwixt the hazels at the dark blue scenery" or pausing to dabble his face "in a watery bed of cowslips, wet with May dews"; now he enumerates the graces of his cat and dog and faithful pet robin, his "scarlet-breasted pensioner," which "hops fearlessly along the smooth-rolled gravel walk," fixing "the gentle Janus" with its diamond-black eye; now he appears as a fashionable virtuoso whose "tables groan with the weight of volumes of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Poussin, Parmegiano, Giulio, etc., etc.," whose outer rooms are embellished with "delicious, melting love-paintings" by Fuseli and whose inner sanctum is rich with ivories, Renaissance bronzes, blue silk draperies, buhl tables and "sweeping ottomans," in a Blessingtonian orgy of colours and modes. Amid these surroundings, Janus Weathercock loved to lie back and "read a good romance on a shiny day in February" or lapse by degrees "into that amiable sort of self-satisfaction, so necessary to the bodying out those deliciously voluptuous ideas perfumed with languor, which occasionally swim and undulate, like gauzy clouds, over the brains of the most cold-blooded men." Wainewright was anything but cold-blooded. "Voluptuous" and "delicious" were adjectives for which he had a particular affection; and their demoralising influence creeps through his style. In Wainewright's prose, the maidservant who attends him becomes immediately "a good-natured, Venetian-shaped girl"; the wine he drinks is a "flask of as rich Montepulciano as ever voyaged from fair Italia"; even the lamp sheds "a Correggio kind of light" which glows amorously on bibelots and gilt-tooled bindings.

Equally meretricious—with a hint of lubricity—were his drawings and water-colours. Wainewright had a lively erotic inventiveness but an extremely modest share of executive skill, which he had not improved by studying under Phillips, the romantic author of several portraits of Lord Byron. Yet one cannot deny him some scraps of talent. No doubt he could expand them in conversation till they seemed very much finer than indeed they were, for it is quite obvious that he imposed on the contemporary notables whom he assembled round him at his brilliant dinner-parties in Great Marlborough Street. These festivities helped to prepare his downfall. Wainewright had married in 1821—"a sharp-eyed, self-possessed woman dressed in showy, flimsy finery," who "obeyed his humours" and "assisted his needs," though "much affection did not apparently exist between them." Very soon the dashing couple were deep in debt. Faced with the prospect of being obliged to sell his grandfather's house (to which he felt a special and symbolic attachment), curtail his bibelot-buying and give up his luxuries, Wainewright discovered an ingenious alternative and set to work with pens and ink and tracing-paper. Five thousand pounds, left him by a Wainewright grandfather, were deposited in his name at the Bank of England. The capital, unfortunately, he could not touch; and Wainewright began by forging powers of attorney which enabled him to return the money to circulation. After all (he must have argued) it was *his* money! And what was a cleverly assumed signature, when executed by a man of fashion and taste? But his success stimulated Janus' mercurial brain. Towards the end of 1827 the Wainewrights, again in difficulties, moved from London to the house at Turnham Green, accompanied by an uncle who was also a trustee. Six months later the old gentleman fell suddenly ill, developed convulsive symptoms and died in the agonies of strychnine poisoning.

He was followed, in 1830, by Wainewright's mother-in-law. Her agonies were as violent and as inexplicable as those of George Griffiths; but no inquiries were made into her death and Wainewright, who had profited by her disappearance to the extent of a much-needed hundred pounds, was now at liberty to prepare his final *coup*. Its instrument and victim was his wife's half-sister, Helen Abercromby, a dull and unattractive young woman, who enjoyed bouncing health and had complete faith in her worldly relatives. By them she was induced to visit a number of insurance offices, sign false declarations and insure her life for a period of two years and a total sum of £16,000. Later she transferred these policies to Wainewright and, later still, was persuaded by Wainewright, after a visit to the play, to consume an injudicious midnight meal, which consisted of oysters and bottled porter. That night she complained of sickness and a "restless headache." The Wainewrights nursed her devotedly, but Helen died.

So concluded Weathercock's career as a poisoner. Strychnine and antimony are thought to have been the poisons that he employed—drugs of which the effects were then but imperfectly understood; the post-mortem yielded negative

*Janus Weathercock. The Life of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright. By Jonathan Curling. *Nelson.* 12s. 6d.

results, and, had it not been for the obstructiveness of the insurance companies, Wainewright's speculation might have brought in a dividend. But the companies adopted a truculent attitude. Harassed by his creditors, unable to collect the profits of Helen's death, Wainewright was obliged to cross the Channel and vanish into an indigent and haunted obscurity. What he did—how he lived—we do not know. It was not till 1837 that he emerged from the shadows of Continental exile, returned on some unhappy impulse to England and was observed by a policeman "talking to a female, near a lamp, in Howland Street, Fitzroy Square." He was clapped into Newgate and committed for trial. Even so, he was not put on trial for murder—the murders, though strongly suspected, were never brought home; he was tried for his forgeries of fifteen years earlier and for them sentenced to transportation to Van Diemen's Land. Of Janus Weathercock's existence at an Antipodean convict station, during a period when Australian and Tasmanian prison-settlements rivalled the worst horrors of French Guiana and the American chain-gang system, comparatively little can now be gathered. Somehow he struggled through the rigorous probationary stage and, during later years, was permitted to eke out a livelihood by doing feeble sketches of the local officials and gentry. But at the same time, he produced a curious self-portrait, with the caption: "Head of a *Convict*, very characteristic of low *cunning* and *revenge*!"

Neither the face nor the expression is reassuring—a down-at-heel Mephistopheles, with tilted eyebrows, sharp beady pupils, foxy moustache and drooping hair. Thus Macready and Dickens must have seen him when, on a conducted tour around Newgate with Dickens' illustrator, the other members of the party were startled by a cry from Macready: "My God! there's Wainewright!" "In the shabby genteel creature, with sandy disordered hair and dirty moustache, who had turned quickly round at our entrance, looking at once mean and fierce . . . Macready had been horrified to recognise a man familiarly known to him in former days, and at whose table he had dined." Here Wainewright's defiance is perhaps slightly more engaging than Macready's ingenuous consternation, Dickens' literary zest or Forster's moral humbug. Wainewright was a peculiarly atrocious criminal; but it is interesting to discover once again how close is the connection between criminality and the ordinary acquisitive human instincts, and how slight and vague is the dividing line that appears to separate them. Mr. Curling's book should abolish the romantic legend that was woven round Wainewright's name by Oscar Wilde and has since been refurbished by Dr. Mario Praz, author of the celebrated *Romantic Agony*. For Wilde, Janus Weathercock was a highly cultured, amusingly perverted æsthete; for Dr. Praz, he is a literary sadist in the grand tradition. Plainly, he was neither one thing nor the other, but a sort of Harold Skimpole who resorted to poisoning, as Skimpole himself might have resorted to card-sharping, without the smallest loss of his interior self-esteem. In spite of everything, he was still a gentleman and a man of feeling. It was the custom at Newgate, he remarked, for cell-mates to take turns in sweeping their cell—his companions were a bricklayer and a sweep. "But, by God, they never offer me the broom!" At the same time, it entertained him to shock his visitors; and, interrogated as to how he could have had "the cold-blooded barbarity to kill such a fair, innocent, and trusting creature as Helen," he replied with characteristic jauntiness: "Upon my soul, I don't know, unless it was because she had such thick ankles." Worse reasons have been advanced for killing more attractive and intelligent women; Janus Weathercock offers an impregnable surface to praise or blame. If there was one faculty he lacked, it was that of self-criticism. If there was one weakness that especially distinguished him, it was an unconquerable self-love—a determination that the vulgar world should allow him his due. Poor Janus, why shouldn't he have inherited a fortune? And what a good thing that we are most of us inveterate cowards!

PETER QUENNELL

POSTERS

I DO not know whether Sir Michael Sadler or Sir Kenneth Clark or Shell-Mex or the Underground is the most beneficent patron of contemporary British art, but I think it must be one of them; for no ordinary collector—Sir Michael and Sir Kenneth are extraordinary—can hope to patronise on so grand a scale. And, as benefactors, the two Maecenation companies have this superiority, their collections are on view all day and all night throughout the city of London and in the country too. For a moment the Post Office was a rival; for once there was a fantastical person in the Post Office—his name was Stephen Tallents—who imagined that the natural distaste of politicians and civil servants for art was not invincible: he was soon put right on that point. So, for good posters the public depends on Shell-Mex and the Underground; and the public may think itself lucky.

The exhibition of *Pictures in Advertising* 1935–1938, now being held at Shell-Mex House, will remain open till July 23rd. Anyone who has half an hour to spare should go there for pleasure; later and at leisure he can meditate, with the exhibition in mind, a subject that is likely to become more and more important—the art of poster-making. For it is from posters and urban architecture that the man on the bus is likely to get the bulk of his aesthetic experience—visual experience of course. Such architecture as might have delighted the eyes and raised the spirits of Londoners is being knocked from over his head as fast as picks and drills can do it, and is being replaced, for the most part, by what can only vex and depress. Posters, on the other hand, thanks almost entirely to these two beneficent undertakings, are daily bringing new motives of pleasure and surprise into the streets, and have, I believe, already raised perceptibly public, though not official, taste.

SPECULATORS NEED NOT APPLY!

This booklet is not for them

It is for the wise investor, for the man or woman who cannot afford to take chances. It describes the new SAVINGS UNIT TRUST managed by '15 Moorgate'. A large number of the sub-units in this Trust have been already bought—a very short while after its formation. As a Stockbroker, I can thoroughly recommend it. Each of its 28 securities is a leader in its industry and each has paid regular dividends for many years. The Savings Unit Trust gives you a splendid chance to benefit from coming market trends, so I advise you to learn all about it. The booklet S 28 is obtainable free through your Banker or Stockbroker (whom you should consult) or direct from the Managers.

FIFTEEN MOORGATE UNIT TRUSTS LTD.
Members of the Unit Trusts Assn.
Registered Office:
15 MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.

Invest wisely in
THE SAVINGS UNIT TRUST
A '15 MOORGATE' TRUST

Streets and stations prove all too vividly that a thoroughly bad picture cannot make a good poster; one of the things that this exhibition proves is that a good picture will not necessarily make a good poster either. Some good pictures would. Uccello's battle-piece in the National Gallery should draw thousands to a horse-show. But then the intention of a fresco on a wall is not totally different from that of a poster. It assumes a casual public of men and women living their ordinary lives, eating and drinking, arguing and flirting and going about their business, and it goes half-way to meet them. The poster goes all the way. It goes in search of the public instead of waiting for the discerning amateur. Its first duty is to catch the eye.

First and foremost a poster must be effective. It must catch the eye, and many bad posters do that; but it should also create an immediate sense of satisfaction and optimism, and that is where the artist comes in. For to provoke a mood, and to provoke it in the passing of a taxi-cab, a poster must be clearly and harmoniously designed, and the designer must have been able to get his effect by means of sharp oppositions of telling colours—black and white will do. It is because McKnight Kauffer designs to admiration in the most improbable yet effective combinations of colour that he is the best poster-artist in this exhibition, but it is because by sheer genius he almost invariably adds a touch of surprise that he is, in my opinion, the best alive. Graham Sutherland, too, knows how to use his talent for painting in order to devise something that shall be at once pleasing and astonishing: and Rosemary and Clifford Ellis, Colin Statham, Charles Shaw and Ardizzone all have the stuff of the true poster-artist in them. When, however, a good artist paints a good picture of the kind that would hold one's attention in a public gallery or private collection the result is apt to be a disappointing advertisement. The subtleties of art—delicate harmonies, sensitive drawing, exquisite paint—are either lost in a general and necessarily rather clamorous effect, or, if no effect is there to shout them down, are passed unnoticed in an unnoticed poster. Indeed, I believe that in advertisement such subtleties are positively out of place.

For, consider: the subtlest and most precious qualities in a picture are essentially means of personal expression; and what has a poster to express? Not private emotions, that is certain. A poster is propaganda, and has more to do with statement and persuasion than with sentiment. Its prime object, we have agreed I think, is, by telling design and colour and if possible by surprise, to catch attention and create a favourable disposition; if it is to be in any way expressive it must be in the way of stimulating this disposition by suggesting something analogous. And whatever that something may be it is surely something of a general and rather vague nature: there can be no place here for the communication of a sharp and peculiar emotion. I have not forgotten that *La belle Zélie* made a delicious advertisement for the French exhibition; but it was the incisive outline and violent opposition rather than the exquisite modelling that made it work. Neither have I forgotten that when, during the war, Whistler's portrait of his mother was turned into an effective poster, my suspicion was confirmed that Whistler's portrait of his mother was a second-rate picture, that the composition was commonly striking, that the forms were empty and that, if for once I may pretend to be an Irishman, the subtleties were obvious. Anyhow I defy any printer to make a good poster of Rembrandt's portrait of a boy at his lessons though it is one of the most beautiful pictures in the world.

The reference to the Post Office in my first paragraph though slightly cryptic was not irrelevant, because, for a short time, the Post Office took to employing the sort of artists—often indeed the very artists—whose work is to be seen in this exhibition; so I hope an elucidation, though necessarily personal, will not be considered impertinent. Momentarily inspired by the enthusiasm of Sir Stephen Tallents, the Post Office appointed an advisory committee which Sir Kenneth Clark and I were asked to join. It was made quite clear that the intention of the authorities was to improve public taste by issuing posters of genuine artistic merit. The aim, we were assured, was educational; and the posters were to be displayed, not only in offices, but in elementary schools. I flatter myself that this committee, which included men of taste and great technical experience such as Mr. Grierson and Mr. Jack Beddington, secured during its brief existence some remarkably good posters, of which one or two though printed were apparently too good to be published. Inevitably a considerable part of our work consisted in rejecting accumulations of rubbish sent in by designers whom the Office for some reason appeared to approve. This was more than civil servants, already furious at having been cajoled into countenancing art, could stand. We were roundly told that we could accept what we were given, or go. We went. This little story may be of use to those who still cling to the notion that the State is bound to be a better patron of the arts than oil or railway companies.

CLIVE BELL

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A. KOESTLER	Wilhelm STEKEL
Neville LASKI	Col. WEDGWOOD
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PLAYS AND PICTURES

Covent Garden Ballet

Lichine's new ballet, *Protée*, produced for the first time last Tuesday at Covent Garden, has two excellent features: the characteristic neo-Grecian decor and costumes by Giorgio de Chirico and Debussy's music from his *Danses Sacrée et Profane*, which sounded enchantingly fine and delicate after the tasteless mixture provided by Georges Auric in the revived ballet *La Concurrence* which preceded it. There is nothing more dreary than the smart fashionable music of yesterday. *Protée* is a very short but quite charming ballet in which Lichine danced excellently. It lacks significance, however, just as Balanchine's *La Concurrence* does, but is acceptable as a charming trifle, while the latter ballet is long and has nothing that recommends it except Derain's scenery and costumes. It is a pity that choreographers and dancers are such an intractable lot, for there seems no reason

why the two companies which we may roughly describe as Fokine's and Massine's should not come to a working arrangement so that they share the Paris, London and American tours between them. It is far too much work for a single company, especially as no company can make the arduous American tour annually without suffering from breakdowns of individual dancers or general deterioration.

Modern Silverware at the Goldsmiths' Hall.

The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, with the most excellent intention of stimulating public interest in the design and craftsmanship of silver, have arranged in their Hall a public exhibition of modern work. A sumptuous setting has been arranged by Mr. Howard Robertson, and the glitter of over five hundred pieces of silver and silver-gilt reduces the spectators to an awed and as it were ecclesiastical silence. The skill displayed in the execution of these caskets and trophies and chalices and mace-heads is astonishing. It is indeed perhaps excessive, for such perfection tends to produce a somewhat machine-made appearance. There are teapots and dishes of traditional design that are a pleasure to contemplate. But when the designer has tried to break away from seventeenth and eighteenth century forms, the result is almost always infelicitous. Indeed the art, as opposed to the craft, of the silversmith appears to be in a very bad way indeed compared with the textile or ceramic arts. Extreme decadence is the note of this exhibition; and the more the designers seek novelty, the more bloodless their achievements appear. A chalice designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens in a classical style impresses, and Professor Gleadowe in one or two pieces contrives to make *Art Nouveau* forms agreeable, but too many of the exhibits fall into four almost equally unlucky classes: the Edwardian, the arty, the Swedish and the modernistic. The simplest and least surprising pieces are almost invariably the best. But in this depressing display of misdirected skill one object is as conspicuous as a bull in a china-shop. A private individual commissioned the best of English sculptors, Mr. Frank Dobson, to design a cup, the "Calix Majestatis," to commemorate the Coronation and to be presented to the King. In this splendid object, alone among the exhibits, we find vitality and imagination. The modelling of the lion and unicorn is magnificently vigorous, and the whole cup has a strength and courage that make it look, in this exhibition, like an Olympian wrestler in an assembly of etiolated epicenes. The moral is obvious. The art of the silversmith can be revived only by importing designers from outside the profession. (There are a dozen artists we could name who would be likely to design well in silver.) The other designers show a complete remoteness from everything vital in contemporary art. The great value of this exhibition is that it reveals effectively both the extent to which pernicious anaemia has spread, and the method by which the disease can be cured.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 9th—
Lully's Opera "Amadis of Gaul," League of Arts, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
Franz Borkenau on "Spain and the European Powers," London University, Montague Place, 7.30.

SUNDAY, July 10th—
Moritz J. Bonn on "War and Economics," Conway Hall, 11.
"And Life Burns On . . ." Arts.

MONDAY, July 11th—
International Council of Women's Golden Jubilee Conference, Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. Till July 20th. Particulars from 92 Gower Street, W.C.1.
Public Meeting to Celebrate the Birth of Indian Reformer, Keshub Chunder Sen. Speakers include: Viscount Samuel, Jawaharlal Nehru and Sir Abdul Qadir. Caxton Hall. 5.30.

TUESDAY, July 12th—
Rev. E. Paul Sulvester on "Anglo-American Understanding," Friends House, 1.20.
Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Drury Lane.
"Twelfth Night," Open Air.
"Little Stranger," Royalty.

THURSDAY, July 14th—
National Council for Civil Liberties Social. Address by Kingsley Martin; Hampden School Garden, Holland Park. 6.30.

FRIDAY, July 15th—
A Conference on Peace and Empire, organised by the India League, Friends House, 7.30. And on July 16th, 10—7.30.
Yiddish Art Theatre, Phoenix.

Our Net Sales

HALF-YEAR, JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1938.

WE have examined the Books and Accounts of The Statesman and Nation Publishing Company Limited and certify that the average Net Sales per issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION during the period 1st January 1938 to 30th June 1938 after deducting all free and voucher copies and returns received during the same period and arrived at in accordance with the formula prepared by the Audit Bureau of Circulations, Ltd., were

26,122 copies

IN ADDITION to this average of 26,122 copies there has been over the same period a weekly average sale of 3,145 introductory subscription copies at a reduced rate making a

total weekly net sale of 29,267 copies

over the half-year under review.

July 1st, 1938.
19a, Coleman Street, E.C.2.

(*Signed*) HAMILTON EDDY & ROWAND,
Chartered Accountants.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONE remembers many great books because of a sudden high light of emotion, or of incident, coming to illuminate a single spot of a less accented narrative. Defoe is such a writer; one remembers Colonel Jack's theft in the custom house—his losing his money in the tree—Crusoe's finding the footprint and the goat in the cave, and the light from these shining passages gradually reveals the dimly remembered land of what came before, and of what follows after. *A High Wind In Jamaica*, by Richard Hughes, is lighted up in my mind by the household puss, pursued by all the tribes of wild cats, which stream out of the jungle, through the drawing-room and back into the jungle again. It is so fantastic and impossible that one cannot forget it, or doubt its having happened: nobody, I feel, could make that up. *In Hazard* (Chatto, 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the story of another Caribbean hurricane, but there is nothing like the false psychology in the trial scene of *A High Wind*. It is much the best book, I think, that Richard Hughes has written; I enjoyed it so much that I kept exclaiming with pleasure as I read it; and feeling also that quite unreasonable emotional gratitude to the author which is only provoked by works of art. It is rather an odd book for Richard Hughes to have written. Up till now his chief characteristic has been a blend of romantic fantasy with convincing narrative. I think I can describe the flavour best by saying there has always been a touch of a Synge play in his stories. He has always liked to find some eccentricity to occupy the middle of the stage. In this book all that is localised in a few pages, dealing with a Chinese Communist in the crew. There are no other eccentricities—except the meteorological one that a hurricane always is, there are hardly any high lights. The book is just a piece of flat objective reporting: the bare story of a ship in a hurricane and of how everything on board behaves. I say *everything* because the behaviour of the funnel and the deck ventilators and the hatches is as important as that of the officers and crew. Everything is subjected to the same strain: some give under it, others do not.

* * *

In Hazard is strictly comparable to the two other great narratives of storms at sea, Conrad's *Typhoon* and Masefield's *Victorious Troy*, and I have read each of them again so as to compare this equally fine story of a storm with them. One hurricane is very like another, and *In Hazard* has much, besides the hurricane, in common with the two other books. There is a Chinese crew that behaves much like the Chinese coolies on the *Nan-Shan*; the spars and rigging are suddenly covered with birds just as were those of *The Hurrying Angel*; also boys pour oil out of the fo'c'sle lavatories to subdue the sea. Mr. Rabb is not unlike Conrad's second mate. Such resemblances are as inevitable as the structure of a ship, or the nature of the hurricane itself. The important differences depend on what most interests each of their authors. Masefield's *Victorious Troy* is the most traditional in treatment and the most emotionally exciting of the three. His story is really that of his boy-apprentice hero who becomes the Captain in an emergency. One gets the catch in the throat, and the salt behind the eyes, to which one is exposed when there is a real hero—a stage hero. The weakness is that Dick Pomfret remains unblemished by the storm. One sees him looking about him as steadily and calmly as Laughton in *Mutiny on The Bounty*, while the ship bucks and heaves independently—with no fear of endangering his balance. Masefield's hero and his storm are in fact superimposed pictures, and the whole book is an exciting stage performance. Compared with that, Richard Hughes's account is like a tour of the Science Museum. His great merit is that he makes one understand the exact working of every detail. He explains what a hurricane is, why it occurs, exactly what strains it puts on a ship's structure and what strains a ship is built to stand. If one had a passion to know, one finds it as perfectly satisfied by Richard Hughes as by Defoe, and no doubt more accurately. The weakness of this method of writing is that it is liable to make one visualise not tons of steel and the illimitable sky and ocean, but a model of a ship under a glass case in a museum, which by turning a handle can be exposed to blasts from a wind-tunnel.

> That funnel, guyed to stand a lateral pressure of a hundred ton! A hurricane wind, at 75 m.p.h., would exert a pressure on it of fifteen tons. But the pressure exerted by air (leaving humidity out of account) increases according to the square of its velocity; the pressure of a wind at 200 m.p.h., therefore, would be roughly seven times as great. And that would mean a total of . . . but you can work that out for yourself, as Captain Edwards did, in his head, while Mr. Buxton ran into the engine-room yelling "The funnel's gone! The funnel's gone!" like a maniac.

* * *

Conrad's preoccupation in *Typhoon* is one of permanent interest to the sensitive, intelligent, highly strung type of man. It is the question which forms the subject of so many of his books, the question he had to be asking himself when he matched himself against the officers on British ships. "How much better or worse qualified is the completely unimaginative pig-headed type of man to meet a great emergency than I am?" MacWhirr is a magnificent example of stupidity. When the *Nan-Shan* is transferred to the Siamese flag, the first officer remarks bitterly that the flag looks queer to him. MacWhirr quietly gets out the flags of all nations, compares the picture of the white elephant with the actual flag flying at the stern, and remarks:

> There's nothing amiss with that flag. . . . I thought the people ashore would know how to make the local flag. Stands to reason. All you have to do is to take care they don't hoist the elephant upside down before they get used to it. . . . Because it would, I suppose, be understood as a signal of distress.

And Jukes, who has been on the point of resigning, realises that it would make no impression on MacWhirr if he did. When the emergency comes MacWhirr, looking at his barometer, merely reflects: "There's some dirty weather knocking about." But the closest observation shows that in the emergency MacWhirr simply could not be improved upon, just because he has not got the imagination to know what the future holds in store. His stupidity becomes, under the simplified strains of great danger, noble and beautiful:

> Had to do what's fair for all—they are only Chinamen. Give them the same chance with ourselves, hang it all. Bad enough to be shut up below in a gale without being battered to pieces. Couldn't let that go on in my ship if I knew she hadn't five minutes to live.

The fact that the last sentence is literally true is the secret of MacWhirr's greatness, and of the moral greatness of his country and his class. The weakness of *Typhoon* is the description of the actual storm itself. The merit of *In Hazard* is not only that the storm is extremely clearly explained and that one knows what is happening, but that the emotions of the men on board are described absolutely objectively. Everyone on board the *Archimedes*, except her Captain, is extremely frightened for a large part of the time; the management of their fear is very well described and absolutely convincing. Employing a device which I hope other writers will not copy, Mr. Hughes calls his chief engineer Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, makes him a cousin of the late Prime Minister and endowed with the same characteristics. By extending this method, what a crew one would have! And how meaningless a figure Lord Salisbury would seem to-day, had Conrad put him into the engine-room of the *Nan-Shan*! This is a tiny blemish in a very fine book. Its weakness, compared with *Typhoon*, which is an inquiry into morals and ethics, and *Victorious Troy*, which is heroic romance, is that it is too much a slice of life. Richard Hughes, who has one of the most individual and charming imaginations, has sacrificed it, quite deliberately. Only his Chinaman, who was left kneeling beside three decapitated corpses when the headsman ran away, and who could boast of having taken a part in a drinking match against a tiger, bears the mark of his creator. Oh, and Sukey's cat, who ate cheese and breathed down the mouseholes with baited breath.

DAVID GARNETT

RICHARD HUGHES

author of ***A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA***

In Hazard

A High Wind in Jamaica swept into fame nine years ago, and has become a modern classic. Mr. Hughes has published no novel since. Now comes a new narrative, heroic, told superbly, which will take its place alongside Conrad's *Typhoon* and other great sea stories. 7s. 6d. net

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CONFESSIONS OF AN INNKEEPER

John Fothergill

A book by the author of *An Innkeeper's Diary* which 'can be recommended to everyone who appreciates wit, character and grumbling' says *The New Statesman*. 'He is an excellent writer, his cantankerousness is, on paper, extremely entertaining, and the warmth of his heart, as shown, for instance, in his remarks about the punishment of children.' *Illustrated* 8s. 6d. net

THE WOMAN WHO COULD NOT DIE

Iulia de Beausobre

This is one of the most moving accounts of imprisonment ever published. The author spent nine months in the Inner Prison in Moscow, three months of which were in solitary confinement. She is still uncertain of her husband's fate. 'A book,' says Nikolai Gubsky, 'which transcends the ordinary literary qualifications: a living tragedy as terrible as it is beautiful.' 'Must be read.' James Agate (*Daily Express*) 8s. 6d. net

ADVENTURES OF A BOOKSELLER

G. Orioli

'The whole book is grandly illuminating. It is the man that pleases. He has a mind. He has judgment, humour, perception, a sense of the poetry of living. I should not be surprised if *Adventures of a Bookseller* does not become recognised as a little classic of its kind.' *The London Mercury*. With a Frontispiece. 12s. 6d. net

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CHATTO & WINDUS

40-42 William IV Street, London, W.C.2

NEW NOVELS

Bring Them Up Alive. By REGINALD TURNOR. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

The Impregnable Women. By ERIC LINKLATER. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Village Tale. By JOHN DE MEYER. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Young Man with a Horn. By DOROTHY BAKER. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Bring Them Up Alive is a modern school-story, in which Eric's virtue is his absence of inhibition, and Wildney's wickedness is wholly the fault of St. Winifred's. Mr. Turnor's thesis is the familiar one that Public Schools are the dark recruiting grounds for sadistic Fascists and their cringing victims, but he handles his well-worn theme with freshness and sensitivity. His originality lies in describing his horrible school from the viewpoint of a noble savage, rather than from that of a hyper-neurotic adolescent; and in attempting to present a sudden and melodramatic solution for the miseries he so vividly depicts. John Luttrell is taken at the age of sixteen from a modern co-educational school, and sent to old-fashioned Craigleith, where Arnold and ash-plants are the only accepted verities. John is first surprised, then disgusted, and finally infuriated by the tyranny, narrowness, dirty-mindedness and petty bullying he encounters; and is driven to lead a mutiny against fagging, beating, and compulsory games and religion.

Parts of the book are extraordinarily good. Mr. Turnor, alone of school-story writers, so far as I know, has caught the nagging, endless hammering at a single idea that is the schoolboy's favourite weapon. John had absent-mindedly stepped on a grass-patch reserved for the Senior School:

> When John got back to Pardoes he was met with giggles.
> "Have a nice time on Grass-Patch?"
> "Look at our little fourth-year!"
> "Make yourself at home, Luttrell, old man, make yourself thoroughly at home, won't you . . .?"
> All the way through lunch there were references to his *faux pas* on Grass-Patch. On and on and on it went.
> "Of course, grass is much softer to the feet."
> "Luttrell's one of the bloods already."
> "He went on Grass-Patch."
> It was terribly boring. Surely there *must* be something more interesting to talk about. But no, on it went. . . .

The author has remembered, too, that physical punishment is neither feared nor despised, but serves as an inexhaustible subject of humour, discussion and genuinely pleasurable reminiscence. John feels degraded after being beaten; the others feel almost ennobled.

When he merely reports, Mr. Turnor is admirable; when he begins to argue a case, he falls into highly unconvincing propaganda. Even Dean Farrar realised the power of environment, and knew that the home-life behind Eric's virtues could not also fit him for the manlier of the vices. It is fair to assume that John's enlightened co-education could have given him tolerance, reason and originality in advance of his public-school contemporaries. But when we find him similarly superior in games, scholarship, fisticuffs, and stoicism under punishment, it is no longer possible or useful to set him up as a typical product of the modern education. A boy who after his first beating (seven strokes) can stand up and lecture the Prefects on morals and dignity, is hardly more normal than Socrates or St. Sebastian. And when John, still a Junior, proclaimed to his housemates: "There's to be no more talk of cheek and lip and being senior or junior. There's to be no more privilege and swanking about because you've been here longer than somebody else. We're all boys and that's all there is to it. There's to be no more public-school Fascism here." I can't really believe that he would have been greeted with cheers. Nor do I think that Monitorial privilege and compulsory Chapel would have fallen as easily as the Czar and the Orthodox Church.

The author, unfortunately, has identified Public Schools with Fascism, and let himself indulge in political wish-fulfilment. It might be an amusing fantasy to reduce the greater to the less, and imagine an English Fascism run on Public School lines, with fagging for the guards in Concentration Camps, and compulsory inter-prison games on fields surrounded by barbed wire. But to try to relate a school to the vaster and wholly dissimilar problems outside it misstates the case and spoils the entertainment. Yet for most of its length *Bring Them Up Alive* is a gripping and vigorous story; and if the author lets himself fall into daydreams towards the end, he can be forgiven for the chapters he writes when properly awake.

The Impregnable Women is *Lysistrata* in modern dress. Again the civilised world is torn by war, again the men reject all talk of peace, again the women bring the conflict to an end, by seizing Edinburgh Castle, the temporary seat of the Government, and refusing all marital and similar relations until the fighting stops. Unfortunately, London is not Athens, and Mr. Linklater is no Aristophanes. The theme demands fertile invention and a high disregard for the proprieties, and offers the widest possibilities to an author with the courage of his imagination. The press propaganda, the imported foreign blacklegs and the strikers' pickets, the Churches' emergency emendations to the moral code, and a dozen other fantasies would provide an unlimited fund of every sort of humour, from the knife-edge of wit to the broad-bottomed frying pan of the provincial Music Hall. But Mr. Linklater almost wholly neglects his opportunities, and instead of Aristophanes has given us Noel Coward.

The Impregnable Women is really two novels in one. The latter half of the book is devoted to a rather hearty account of the siege of Edinburgh Castle, but the earlier part is a serious story of a group of people caught up in the vast confusion of the next great war. I have a strong suspicion that the author's initial intention was to write a serious novel, and that the attempt to repeat *Lysistrata* was more or less of an afterthought. The passages describing the great battles in Flanders and the desperate gaiety of the profiteers at home contrast rather strangely with the heavy humour of the sex-war, and the characters concerned in one section seem out of place in the other. But the general effect of the book is amusing enough. Mr. Linklater's neatness of phrase is fair compensation for his sentimentalities ("According to the doctors he died of heart-failure. But sister said afterwards that from the look on his face you wouldn't think it was failure, but success"); and if you are amused by personages called Pippin, Rumble or Hogpool, you will probably forgive their occasional lack of reality. Some of the characters are first rate—particularly the Prime Minister, with his love of Jane Austen, fondness for quoting Horace, and "relentless and irresponsible urbanity." Were it not for the condemning shadow of Aristophanes, *The Impregnable Women* would seem a highly amusing light comedy.

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BEGINNING THURSDAY, JULY 7

IN THE

Daily Telegraph

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Morning Post

ONE PENNY.

Village Tale is a rather unusual version of the young man who makes good. The village is set on a lonely American coast, and the villagers are dour Aran-esque fishermen, living a hard life with their lobster pots and the bitter sea. Unfortunately for the romantics, however, the fishermen are wholly ignoble, and spend most of their time exchanging scandal in the village store, and throwing live lobsters at Sis, the Minister's son. At last Sis is driven to write a novel that exposes the inmost souls of his tormentors, and makes fifty thousand dollars in royalties, with which he pays damages for libel and begins to build a new life. Put crudely, commonplace enough; and, as one might fear, Sis talks less like a country hick than a Soho slicker. But the descriptions of the villagers and their slow, malicious slanders of anyone who differs in the slightest from the common code are written with a power and malignancy that excuses all the improbabilities of plot and conventionality of behaviour. If only Mr. de Meyer had felt less sorry for his hero, he might have written a very distinguished novel.

I'm gonna tell you what *Young Man With a Horn* is about; for it's about Rick Martin, and he was big, see? and he played his trumpet in a dance band. Now, when Rick played his trumpet it wasn't like you and me'd do it; it was like as if someone was stopping a tooth down inside of you, sort of twisting you up so you wanted to yell him stop, but you didn't yell him stop, for you wanted him to go on, too. Well, when Rick played his trumpet he flicked out each note clear and fast with a cadenza like a gin sling; and he couldn't stop, though it tore at his guts, for the music was in him like an electric hare, and he couldn't stop till he'd caught it. But he never did catch it. Well, Rick poured in Scotch and it came out rhythm, and he blew his trumpet and knew he was after something. But Rye, and his trumpet, and the late nights got him in the end, like Beethoven, and now he's all washed up and gone. Well, I've gotta write like this, for I'm writing about Rick, and that's how Rick was. And if you wanna read about Rick an' how he played his trumpet and went half time for a short coda, you gotta put up with a style like this. For that's just how Rick was. Aw Hell, do what you like.

JOHN MAIR

JAPAN GOES TO WAR

Japan's Gamble in China. By FREDA UTLEY. With an Introduction by H. J. LASKI. *Secker and Warburg.* 6s.

Miss Utley's new book may be regarded as a sequel to her earlier work, *Japan's Feet of Clay*. Readers of the latter will have come to expect from the author a very high standard of social analysis and interpretation, and they will not be disappointed with *Japan's Gamble in China*, which, in spite of a remarkable up-to-dateness—even the Japanese Cabinet changes of May of this year are discussed in a postscript chapter—never obscures fundamental issues with ephemeral and superficial detail or loses sight of the wood for the trees. Among books dealing with a highly mutable contemporary situation this is one of the very few which are likely, because of their appreciation of long-term factors, to stand up to five years of history from the date of publication.

Miss Utley is frankly an advocate; her book is written as an indictment of Japan. Her thesis is stated uncompromisingly on the first page. "The fundamental cause of the present war," she writes, "is to be found inside Japan, in the social maladjustment and peculiar political system which make her the most aggressive of the Powers and the permanent disturber of peace in the Far East. . . . Undoubtedly it was the growing unity and strength of China which caused Japan to make a final attempt either to conquer her great neighbour or to plunge her back into anarchy and powerlessness."

It may be gathered from this that there is not much in the author's account of Japan which will make pleasant reading for a Japanese. Yet a Japanese reader might derive some consolation from the application to China in Chap. III of the same ruthless social analysis which is used to uncover the roots of his own country's imperialism. Miss Utley hopes for the defeat of Japan, but the struggle, as she describes it, is far from being a melodrama with the Chinese as a race of superior beings. Her categories are not virtuous and wicked nations, but types of society variously compounded of elements existing everywhere and describable with scarcely any reference to ethnic labels. What Miss Utley shows clearly is the fundamental importance of the agrarian problem in Japan and in China alike, and the parallelism—though with significant differences—of the consequent social conflicts in the two countries. In each there is a congested and poverty-stricken peasantry with a numerous class of small landowners drawing rent in kind and closely connected with the military officers' corps. In Japan the social unrest is "taken out" in militarism and imperial expansion; in China, where the army lacked efficiency and prestige and where the traditional political form had been destroyed by revolution, the position of the rural gentry was for many years threatened by the Communist *jacquerie*, but the *jacquerie* has been called off since the beginning of last year as an essential condition of the national united front against Japan. The Kuomintang-Communist reconciliation which followed the kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek at Sian meant that the Communists renounced the campaign against the landlords and allied themselves with the section of the Kuomintang which was most reactionary in domestic affairs (Li Tsung-jen and the Blue Shirts) against the liberal bourgeois group (Wang Ching-wei, etc.) which was in favour of concessions to Japan. The general effect of the war politically has been to strengthen the army-gentry cliques at the expense of the bourgeoisie, which was formerly centred in Shanghai; the Japanese militarists have produced by their pressure on China a great nationalist rally against them, but they have also helped indirectly to preserve in China the kind of social order for which they themselves stand. It is, of course, possible that the vast misery of China may produce a renewal of the *jacquerie*, with or without official Communist leadership, but this would most probably drive the landowners to come to terms with Japan.

Miss Utley brings out very effectively the significance of the Leith Ross mission and the reform of China's currency which ensued; "it was, in fact," she writes, "from the moment of Sir Frederick Leith Ross's visit to China in the winter of 1935–36 that Japan began to get thoroughly alarmed." She points out that the situation would have been different "if Japan's heavy industry had not been too poorly developed to enable her to export capital goods, and her balance of payments too unfavourable to allow her to export capital." As it is, Japan "cannot make a profit out of China unless she can turn the territories she wishes to exploit into her own colonial area . . . to-day economic imperialism is the practice of the economically strong Powers, military imperialism that of the weak." It was a British interest to promote the industrialisation of China, both because it would provide for a long time a good market for capital goods, and also because it would strengthen China as a check on Japan; for Japan, on the other hand, any industrialisation of China not Japanese-controlled is bound to be directly competitive and to have catastrophic consequences, since Japan, in spite of her poverty in natural resources, has become the workshop of the Far East mainly on account of China's long delay in economic development. There is here a problem to which the author gives perhaps insufficient attention; it does not appear that any modification of Japan's social structure could afford a complete solution, because the trouble is implicit in the world's economic system. In a completely free or in a fully planned world economy the rapid development of such a country as China could only add to the wealth of mankind; in existing conditions it cannot fail to involve violent and painful dislocations of established interests.

As in *Japan's Feet of Clay*, Miss Utley emphasises the economic weakness of Japan and her vulnerability to economic sanctions, if they were to be applied. Sanctions imposed by Britain and the Dominions, the U.S.A. and Holland would be ruinous for Japan in a very short time; even the private boycott movement has made itself felt. But Japan has not gone to war without taking account of the international situation. Her immunity from intervention is due primarily neither to her own capacity for reprisals, nor even to the profits made from supplying Japan's war-time needs (on which some striking figures are quoted), but to the situation in Europe, which immobilises the European League Powers. In the background of the Far Eastern conflict is Germany, and Germany's ability to "start something," if important British, French or Russian forces were diverted from Europe, is Japan's greatest asset. Yet Germany has commercial interests in China and aims of policy elsewhere which are not entirely harmonious with those of Japan, and for ten months refused to recall the German military advisers with the Chinese army. If she has now recalled them, we may assume that it was part of a bargain which could only be driven after the Japanese had lost much of the self-confidence with which they began the war. The terms of the bargain we do not know, but Miss Utley has some interesting suggestions on the subject in the last chapter of her book.

G. F. HUDSON

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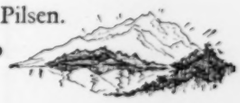

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THE LUCKY ONES

Myself When Young. A Book by Famous Women of To-day. Edited by the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. *Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lady Oxford had the excellent idea of inviting fourteen prominent women to write accounts of their childhood and youth. The resulting book will be read with the greater interest because Mrs. Woolf's *Three Guineas* has set everyone arguing about the toughness of the deal that middle-class women get in this country. For my part I suspect that most of them would rather be kept by men than earn their own living. Moreover, just as there is a minority of women who want independence, so there is a minority of men who would like to be kept. But whereas a girl desirous of a career can now make one (though still under certain unjust disadvantages), a boy who proclaimed his intention of finding a rich wife to provide for him would, no doubt rightly, incur general disapproval—unless, of course, he happened to be a peer. The contributors to Lady Oxford's book are for the most part women who have wished to earn their own livings, and one looks with interest for accounts of the difficulties to which their sex has submitted them. Lady Oxford herself, it is true, was the daughter of a rich man and the wife of a Prime Minister. No one, however, can doubt that she would have made a spectacular success of any career she had chosen. Her courage, determination, articulateness, wit, good looks, common sense, decisiveness and vitality were so many guarantees of success, to say nothing of that invaluable asset, her natural generosity of heart. (An incapacity for treating other people well is one of the commonest causes of material failure.) She always wished, she tells us, that she had been born a man, but it is not easy to see in what respect she has found her sex a disadvantage.

The stage and novel-writing are occupations that have been open to women for centuries, so that Miss Marjorie Bowen, the Baroness von Hutten, Miss Ethel Levey and Miss Irene Vanbrugh had no specifically feminine obstacles to overcome. (Miss Marjorie Bowen's candid and well-written account of her childhood is about the best thing in the book. She was brought up by quarrelsome and hysterical people who had come down in the world, and she traces her passion for the picturesque past to the necessity of escaping from her squalid surroundings.) Lady Londonderry and Lady Minto are aristocrats whose principal activity has been helping their husbands' careers. (The former gives a very charming picture of her horsy home.) Mademoiselle Chanel, instead of telling us of her struggle, is unfortunately content with cracking aphorisms about love, men, and all that. This is the greater pity as no feminist has done more for female emancipation: by inventing clothes that were both elegant and practical she liberated women from one of their chief handicaps. She deserves a statue at least as much as Mrs. Pankhurst. Miss Caroline Haslett, again, is vexatiously uninformative. She is the secretary, one gathers, of the Women's Engineering Society, but she wastes so much space showering bouquets on prominent persons who have been amiable, that none is left for telling us anything about engineering as a career for women. Dr. Sloan Chesser writes sensibly. "Because men are freed from domestic demands and responsibilities, it is easier for them to achieve what is technically called success." But she throws no light whatever on the undoubted impediments and injustices that face women who take up medicine—a profession to which they are particularly well suited. Miss Ellen Wilkinson gives a good picture of her home, her unhappiness at school and her early determination to reduce preventible misery. She says that "if a girl has not shown an overwhelming desire for public life by the time she is eighteen, unless she has the wealth and social influence that backed a Nancy Astor or a Thelma Cazalet, really the girl had better teach, or become a secretary, or get married." But we learn nothing at all of the specific difficulties of women in politics. Nor has Miss Edith Picton-Turberville anything to tell us about these, though her picture of her upper-class home and religious experience is particularly well done. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst was an artist by inclination driven to politics by her passion for social justice. "Women have gained much," she maintains, "by the long struggle of which the Suffragettes were the spearpoint," though under the dictatorships they have lost far more than they gained. Miss Amy Johnson was naturally adventurous, and her difficulties were economic and unconnected with her sex. Characteristically she learnt to fly, with instruction at £2 per hour, when she was earning only £3 a week. Once launched on her new profession, she probably found her sex advantageous; for women, it is known, are "news." Miss Maude Royden is in a sense the most unfortunate of the ladies represented in this book, because the profession of her choice is the one most closed to women—ministry of religion. But she, too, has attained her object.

It is remarkable, I think, that hardly one of the contributors to this book, except Miss Pankhurst—and she is writing of pre-war days—makes any reference to the injustices to which women, as such, are exposed. No doubt these ladies are the lucky ones, the winners of the race, but would one not have expected some complaint about the difficulties put in their way by a man-made society? The apparent absence of any sense of grievance is, of course, no disproof of Mrs. Woolf's thesis, but those who, like myself, believe that the woman with professional ambitions, is still at a quite unjustified disadvantage by reason of her sex, will be surprised to find here so little evidence to support them.

Lady Oxford herself is severe upon the achievements of women. "They are quite as courageous," she says, "and quite as unscrupulous as men. Yet in spite of all this equality I do not think they have made anything very audible of their lives. The only reason I can give to account for this is that they have never realised the importance of their early years." This explanation seems to me unconvincing. Surely there are far more young women who are intent upon making careers than middle-aged women who have carried out this intention. Nor does Mrs. Woolf's account of the obstacles still put in their way entirely explain their rather disappointing use of the liberties that they have achieved. It is dangerous for a man to generalise upon the subject, but I would suggest that the principal talent of most women is for dealing with persons rather than with ideas or things; that the materially productive value of this talent is not usually very great; and that those who start by pursuing public success are very often deflected by this gift to the cultivation of their husbands, their children, and their private lives. RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA

Africa Emergent. By Professor W. M. MACMILLAN. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

Africans Learn to be French. By Dr. W. BRYANT MUMFORD and Major G. ST. J. ORDE-BROWNE, O.B.E. *Evans Brothers.* 5*s.*

"Economic development, which the weaker countries are in no position to foster without help, is a necessary part of the process of securing their independent status in the world," says Professor Macmillan. The full significance of this opinion does not appear at the first glance; but it is illustrated in a hundred ways in this remarkable book. The trouble about the African is his poverty. I am reminded of the flash of conviction which came to me years ago, while living in South London, and worrying myself about the injustice suffered by my neighbours, when I first read the sentence "The trouble about the poor is their poverty." Whoever wrote it, there was never a truer word written, and it is the same with the African.

Poverty and backwardness prevent the African from taking his rightful share in Government; poverty and backwardness make him inevitably "exploitable." The despotism and the exploitation are not the root of the matter; there is something underlying both. "Africans are open to exploitation just because they have so little to offer except their labour and their ambition." At bottom, therefore, what we have to do is to give "a greater body of content to the idea of trusteeship." Development and progress "means no more and no less than the provision of what is absolutely necessary to lift the African people above an Hobbesian level of poverty and wretchedness."

This poverty and wretchedness is traced to geographical and historical causes in a most illuminating chapter, "The Roots of Backwardness." As to the "content" which we need to put into the idea of trusteeship, we must beware of thinking that it is something of a peculiar and mysterious quality, specially adapted to the African. It is nothing more nor less than what we understand by civilisation. We cannot teach what we do not know. This applies not only to economics, but to the best system of government, the best kind of education and the best form of religion: in the author's words, "what we are best equipped to do." If we do not know what is best, if we have disturbing doubts as to whether Western civilisation is a good thing or a bad thing, then the sooner we clear out of Africa, the better.

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* * *

At this moment most readers of this paper are on the eve of holiday making, for which our colourful tweeds, light flannels, and other summery materials are delightfully appropriate. Take an optimistic view and believe that your holiday weather this year is going to be perfect; then think of your wardrobe and consider whether it will be equal to the weather. We hope that you will quickly conclude that brighter and lighter suits are needed, and that you will dash along to Newgate Street and see what an irresistible choice the Gosses can offer.

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the architect, considers what ought to be done in the next thirty years to meet the expanding needs of the greatest city in the world. The Bressey Report is his text.

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Vincent Brun

the German author, contributes an original discussion on the "idealization of woman" in the United States, and its de-bunking through the films.

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Here is an appropriate point for mentioning the second book referred to above. It is a book of extraordinary interest, though of much smaller scope. The French do know what they want, if we do not. Their aim is to make Africans into Frenchmen—*bons français*. They are quite prepared to use Native institutions as a starting point, but they are under no illusion as to the essential limitations of the African tribal system. Their aim is to supersede it. There is a great advantage in this clear and conscious pursuit of a definite goal. When the French have produced an educated African, they congratulate themselves on a triumph; when the British have produced such a person, they do not know what to do with him.

> "France," says Dr. Mumford, "never stirred from the belief that superiority or inferiority of ability should and must be regarded as wholly independent of the colour of a person's skin or of any other physical characteristic."

Dr. Mumford's remarkable article in *Africa* for 1938, I may add, is a damning indictment of the action of ourselves as "trustees" in the matter of educating our "wards." He deals only with the most rudimentary type of school, that which provides "the basic tools of modern living—reading, writing and arithmetic"; and he shows that "as far as the mass of children in Africa is concerned, for more than 90 per cent. of them there are no schools whatever for them to attend."

In view of facts such as these, Professor Macmillan tells us that it is of relatively little use to discuss the minutiae of educational methods. What we want is a very simple thing—more education. Quantity, not quality, is the thing upon which we have to concentrate at this stage. "The sometimes unfortunate results can hardly be remedied as things are by any change in the method of imparting education; but only when the whole population has been brought nearer to some decent minimum standard. Making the rudiments of education more generally available is even more important than any special adaptation of method and content." The "gap" between the educated African and the "Bush" African is a constant theme of British settlers and administrators. We simply stare at it and deplore it; the French are confident of bridging it. The obvious way to bridge it is to bring up more and more Africans towards the level of the educated. The "gap" is already narrowing. There is growing feeling among the "trousered" Africans that their interests are identical with those of the mass.

As regards higher education, it is refreshing to find a Colonial Governor such as Sir Philip Mitchell, of Uganda, definitely giving his support to the view upheld by Professor Macmillan. He lately said:

> There is only one civilisation and one culture to which we are fitted to lead the people of these countries—our own: we know no other, and we cannot dissect the one we know and pick out this piece or that as being good or bad for Africans. There is good and bad in everything, and men must choose for themselves: it is the business of education to help them to that choice. . . . Our task, indeed, if we have any faith in our civilisation and in ourselves, is boldly to lead the African peoples forward along the road we are ourselves following, confident that if we do that we shall bring them ever closer to us in generations to come.

What is wanted in the educational service is not specialists brought up in the atmosphere of the Colonies, but the best men from our own educational world, to go out to Africa and inspire and organise.

It is a great gain that a mind such as Professor Macmillan's should have been directed to the great problems involved in the future of Africa. The few conclusions to which I have called attention are based upon a comprehensive and well-balanced presentation of the main facts, both about the life of Africans and about the life of Europeans in Africa; about the whole problem of Labour, and the place of Capital in African development; about the methods of British administration both on the political and economic side. There is political thinking of high value in the chapters on Self-government and Indirect Rule. Professor Macmillan has undertaken a task of a much more comprehensive and ambitious character than anything he has done before. My only criticism is that I should have liked him to be still more ambitious and comprehensive, and to have included much fuller references to French, Belgian and Portuguese methods, as well as the pre-War German methods. Even the Sudan is not sufficiently taken into account; the light which it throws on many problems, particularly that of Indirect Rule, is too important to be omitted. But when this is said, it remains true that the book is indispensable to those who wish to form an unbiased opinion on the question—a menacing as well as an absorbing one—of the future of Africa.

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON

GERMAN BAROQUE SCULPTURE

German Baroque Sculpture. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL and NIKOLAUS PEVSNER. Photographs by ANTHONY AYSCOUGH. *Duckworth.* 21s.

The cultivated English public with a taste for German Baroque is passing gradually from the stage of indiscriminate enjoyment to that of critical appreciation. The recent fashion for Austria and Bavaria has familiarised us with the monuments; and we are even learning to distinguish intelligently between artists whose very names were unknown to us ten or fifteen years ago. For such fledgeling students this joint production of Messrs. Sitwell, Pevsner, and Ayscough will be exceedingly welcome; for while full of information and seriously documented, it does not make the common mistake of assuming in its readers a knowledge of detail which they can hardly be expected to possess. Mr. Sitwell's contributions are a general introduction, in which he draws a quick outline sketch of the Baroque scene, and a more elaborate essay, describing the career of the two brothers Asam, Cosmas Damian and Egid Quirin, who between them represent the German baroque genius in its most evolved and characteristic form. Dr. Pevsner adds invaluable biographical and critical commentaries on the forty-eight photographs by Mr. Ayscough which embellish the book. Mr. Sitwell is, as always, the poet: his sense of the connection between the artist and the landscape, and between one craftsman and another, is intuitive; he sees analogies that would have escaped the ordinary student, and he communicates to his readers that intoxication of the eye, that release of spiritual energy which the contemplation of Baroque art procures for him. By contrast Dr. Pevsner seems to deal in prose; but it is excellent prose—just and acute and sensitive. The link between them is provided by Mr. Ayscough's ingenious and sympathetic photographs, which succeed, by reason of their intelligent lighting and sense of the significant viewpoint, in superposing both the fact and the fantasy of Baroque sculpture in an altogether unexpected and delightful way.

As for the sculpture itself, the range is restricted by the limits of the book. There is too little of Donner: only a detail of the River Enns from the Neuer Markt fountain. And there is too little of Permoser: only a somewhat disingenuous excerpt from that astonishing extravaganza, the Apotheosis of Prince Eugene. And there is no hint that Moll, the timid neo-classic portraitist of Franz I, was also capable of those remarkable neo-Ghibertian reliefs in the Vienna Barockmuseum. On the other hand, there are admirable views of E. Q. Asam's altars at Rohr and Osterhofen; a lovely rendering of Günther's enchanting St. Kunigunde at Rott am Inn; Gabriel de Grupello's fine bust of Josef I; decorative details by Zimmermann and Feichtmayr from Amalienburg and Bruchsal; and a series of Dietz's garden-cappriccios from Veitshöchheim. Turning over this selection, one cannot help wishing the book ten times the size.

ROGER HINKS

CHRISTMINSTER EXAMINES JUDE FAWLEY

Thomas Hardy. By WILLIAM R. RUTLAND. *Blackwell.* 21s.

The younger generation do not read Hardy. They do not indeed read *Middlemarch*. The nineteenth-century novel is represented by *Pride and Prejudice*, *Wuthering Heights* and, if we are clever boys, Henry James. We pass then with a sigh of relief to Lawrence, Forster and Mrs. Woolf. *The Dynasts* lies unopened. Hardy's lyrics do not hold their own with Hopkins, and if we want to be depressed we can always revolve round a prickly pear in a waste land. The poet and novelist (so ill thought of by George Moore and Mr. Maugham), who was born just on a hundred years ago, has become the prey of the academic, of the professor and the research student. His fictions do not even make good films.

It is sobering to discover that a list of Hardyana contains some sixty titles, and that our critics and literary students, abetted by the Americans, the Germans and the French, have spilt so much ink on his women and his Wessex, his philosophy and his pessimism, his versification and vocabulary, his folk-lore and his first editions. But then humane studies at the present time are entirely devoted to the making of books about books, and the Ph.D. thesis is the curse of culture. Dr. Rutland has agglomerated a solid, conscientious, comprehensive, ill-assorted, volume of facts and

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THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY

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extracts, which Christminster's famous firm has published at a high price. Dr. Rutland, who has perused all the Hardyana, was privileged to examine Hardy's library by the late Mrs. Hardy, whose two biographical chronicles he has freely used. His book is so full of interesting things that the reader wonders why it is not more interesting. Out of the third chapter, The Background to Hardy's Thought, a book might have sprung both readable and valuable. A pamphlet on *The Dynasts* is suggested by Chapter VII, and much of the other material could more conveniently be disposed of in appendices. "It has been my endeavour," the introduction warns us, "to deal with facts rather than impressions, even though the two cannot always be separated." Unfortunately, the relation between impression and fact, the transitions from one to the other, the distinction between the trifling, the curious and the significant, the combination of dates, contemporary evidence, textual problems with appreciative quotation from Gosse or Lionel Johnson or Macdowall and occasional comment and confession by the author, are infelicitously managed and ineffectively interpreted. Dr. Rutland's sentiments and convictions emerge piecemeal from his laborious investigations and earnest discussions, but the result is not a book, because it draws no life from its style.

However, this is a piece of research and it is full of facts, interesting facts, although of diverse interest and importance. Some will like to hear that the *Athenæum* thought *Jude* "a titanically bad book"; that the Bishop of Wakefield dubbed it garbage; that Mrs. Oliphant said, "it unconsciously affords us the strongest illustration of what Art can come to when given over to the exposition of the unclean"; or that in the serial version of *Tess* the heroine did not become Alec's mistress and Angel Clare wheeled the four maids across the flood in a wheelbarrow. Others will pursue the fate of Hardy's first effort, *The Poor Man and the Lady*, and its relation to *An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress*. Others, again, will note that his not very large library contained the French translation of Leopardi and will ponder on the marginalia in his Aeschylus and Sophocles. Devotees of *Under the Greenwood Tree* will be delighted with the account of the music of Stinsford Church and the manuscript choir-books of Hardy's grandfather. Or again, the detailed examination of the historical sources of *The Dynasts* will occupy the grateful attention of those whose literary studies are concerned with such problems.

So much for the facts or some of them. And if our strictures on this monument of devotion and intelligence, of industry and cogitation, seem churlish, let us make some amends by asserting that no student of Hardy can afford to miss Dr. Rutland's third chapter, in which he shows how the seeds of agnosticism and pessimism were sown in Hardy's mind and heart and brings home to us the extraordinary revolution in thought which took place between *Essays and Reviews*, Mill *On Liberty*, *The Origin of Species* and *Jude*, and emphasises the influence of Leslie Stephen upon Hardy. This revolution, paralleled in literature by the conversion of Jane Eyre into Maggie Tulliver and of Maggie into Sue Bridehead (which exemplifies also the other great revolution of the nineteenth century, the emancipation of women), is so fascinating and complicated a subject that we wonder that the younger generation of literary students seem too concerned with "Art and Karl Marx" to investigate it.

CHINA'S HOPE

Chiang Kai-shek: Soldier and Statesman. Authorised Biography, by HOLLINGTON K. TONG. *Hurst and Blackett.* 2 vols. 15s. each.

Two-volume biographies used to be the usual thing, but only when their subjects were dead. The Chinese Generalissimo has achieved his two volumes at the age of fifty-one. Mr. Hollington Tong is a well-known Chinese journalist, and he has written a valuable book. As a biography it is defective, for it makes its subject a little too perfect even from his earliest youth when great things were prophesied of him. We do not want to hear anything unpleasant about him; but it would be a relief to hear that he had occasionally made a mistake. For instance, many of those who since the Canton days followed his career with the greatest interest have thought that at one period Chiang was very far on the road to Communism, but came to the conclusion that it was doing more harm than good to the Kuomintang cause and accordingly changed not only his views but his tactics rather ruthlessly. The orthodox Communist view is that as Chiang developed as a military commander, his militarism took him and his party far to the Right. That is probably wrong, for Chiang chose the military career as a boy, yet has always looked forward to a time when he should be able to disband a large part of his troops without turning them into bandits or exposing his country to attack. As for his earlier Communist inclinations, Mr. Tong denies them. He maintains that only in obedience to Dr. Sun Yat-sen did he ever countenance Communist elements in the Kuomintang, and that after Sun's death, when they tried to run the party, he decided that they must go. He has them on his side now—or at least on China's side. They have harassed the Japanese armies in the North splendidly; but while Mr. Tong may be quite right about the Generalissimo never having liked them in the Kuomintang, it is very doubtful whether the Communists have repented of their errors, as he represents them doing. But we need not argue about that: time will show, when the common enemy is expelled.

Though Mr. Tong's work may be a little lacking in what we demand nowadays of the biography, it is valuable as a contribution to history. He conducts us through a maze of intrigue, treachery, and cross-purposes. It needed very uncommon gifts of intellect and character for the Generalissimo to come through to his present triumph—for it is a triumph to have so vast and inchoate a country solidly with him. It might almost be said that it is the first time that China has defended herself.

There are some points that it is a little difficult to understand—such, for instance, as the way he skates over the taking of Hankow at the beginning of 1927. Perhaps where British interests are concerned the English reader may not see things in quite their correct proportions; but as Mr. Tong emphasises that a point in the Kuomintang programme is to regain control of the areas held by foreign Powers, one might have reasonably expected something about the doings on the Concession at Hankow and some mention of the Chen-O'Malley Agreement, which many Chinese nationalists regard as a conspicuous milestone in Chinese history.

When General Tanaka became Premier of Japan the first thing he did was to send an expedition to Shantung to prevent the Kuomintang from proceeding northwards to take Peking. This set the campaign back for a year, during which time General Chiang Kai-shek paid a private visit to Japan to arrange for his marriage, his prospective mother-in-law being there at that time. Everything went well, and Chiang conducted the second northward drive, only to find that another and a much worse obstacle was thrown in his path. General Fukuda, who was in command, ably seconded by General Matsui, the butcher of Nanking recently recalled to Japan, disgraced the Japanese army by the brutalities committed in Tsinan; but Chiang handled the situation very adroitly and continued his triumphant march. Much history has been written since then, and much is being written to-day, in blood.

Mr. Tong makes out a very good case for Chiang's constant insistence that unity must be achieved before China could think of defence, even though that unity could only be attained by civil war. Certainly Chiang achieved it—though the last instalment, at Sian, was thrust upon him; but it would not have been thrust upon him were he not the man he is.

Mr. Tong follows a custom, invented in America, of calling distinguished Japanese and Chinese ladies Madame, though their husbands are Mr. But there is no line drawn. If Madame is more honourable than Mrs., by all means bestow it upon those three remarkable sisters who married Sun Yat-sen, Chiang Kai-shek and H. H. Kung; but why should their equally distinguished mother be only Mrs. Soong? Tong gives his men no honorific—which is the better way.

A. MORGAN YOUNG

A FORERUNNER

T. E. Hulme. By MICHAEL ROBERTS. *Faber and Faber.* 10s. 6d.

Probably T. E. Hulme will be remembered more as a personality who influenced and represented some of his contemporaries than for any single outstanding achievement as poet, philosopher or critic. *Speculations* is a book of fragmentary principles and prophecies which shadowed among other things Vorticism, some of Mr. Herbert Read's criticism, Mr. T. S. Eliot's Anglo-Catholicism. A study of a character blossoming sparsely and yet in several directions should to some extent be a social history, an account of aesthetic fashions, if it is worth doing; this book would be considerably more interesting if it had been related more clearly to the background of the time. Instead, Mr. Roberts'

Company Meeting

THE NATIONAL BANK OF NEW ZEALAND LTD.

THE sixty-sixth Ordinary General Meeting of the Bank was held in London on Thursday last. Sir Austin E. Harris, K.B.E. (Chairman), presiding, first dealt with the figures of the Balance Sheet, and continuing said (in part): Our profit for the year is £105,727, which is £2,889 more than last year, and we propose paying a final dividend for the half-year to the 31st March last at the rate of 5% per annum less income tax. The amount remaining to be carried forward is £113,690. Deposits were £66,064,000, whilst advances at £53,640,000 had increased by £6,699,000.

The value of the overseas trade of the Dominion for the year ended March 31st was considerably in excess of that of the previous year. Exports were valued at £52,215,000 sterling, an increase of £3,834,000, whilst imports increased by £8,388,000, so that the favourable trade balance fell from £16,131,000 to £5,577,000 sterling.

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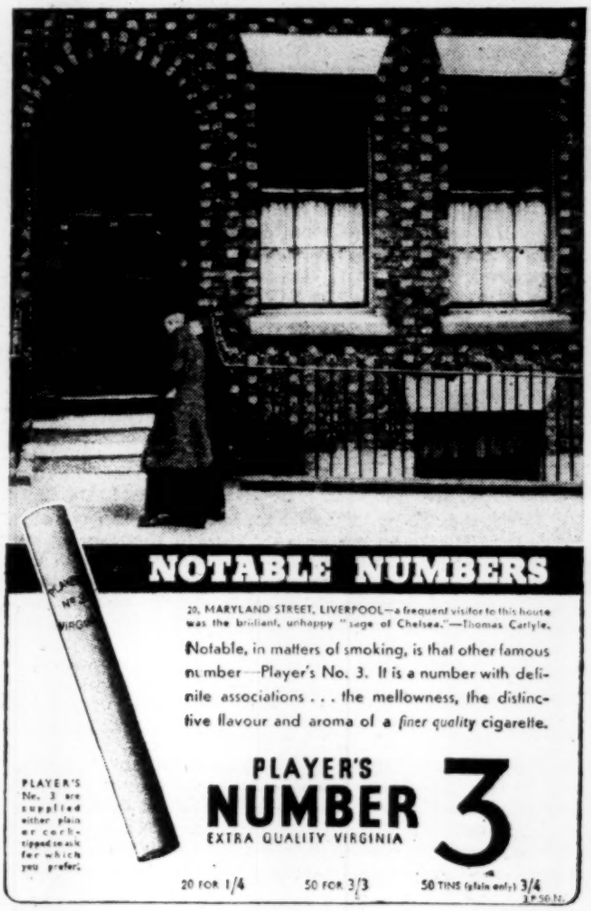
During the year the Government has devoted much time to the development of its plan for National Superannuation and Health Insurance. The cost of the scheme is estimated at about £18,000,000 for the first year, gradually rising to an annual charge of £25,000,000 in 30-40 years' time, and it is proposed in the first instance to raise the necessary funds by a contribution of 1s. in the £ on wages and other incomes of all persons, a £ for £. This scheme, in the form in which it has been made public, must involve a heavy drain on the future finances of the Dominion, as well as a serious burden on the taxpayer. It is, however, premature to make definite criticism.

The Chairman, after dealing with Public Finance and Unemployment, said: I am hopeful that the signs of returning confidence, which during the last few weeks have shown themselves here, may be the precursors of a general economic recovery.

I feel that the time has now come when I can ask my colleagues to release me from the Chairmanship of the Bank, and I am pleased to tell you that Lord Balfour has accepted their invitation to assume this position. I should not be taking this course at the present juncture had I not felt that the Bank is in a sound position to-day. We have passed through some difficult and lean years, and it is satisfactory to me, on the last occasion on which I shall address you as Chairman, to close my speech with words of qualified optimism.

The report was unanimously adopted.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approach is portentously serious; he pieces together all the lost causes, systematises Hulme's philosophy, and, having put together his theory of poetry, severely and critically pulls it to pieces again. I rather suspect that he takes Hulme too seriously; nevertheless, he has written an admirably patient book, which is sympathetic in its account of Hulme's life at the beginning and which, after a long tunnel through Hulme's scrap-heaps, emerges into an extremely sympathetic account of Mr. Michael Roberts' own views on poetry and the Tragic View of Life at the end.

It is typical of Hulme's weakness that, in order to attack romanticism, he compares a very famous and very bad poem of W. E. Henley with a good minor poem of Ben Jonson. Romanticism to him is simply exaggerated idealism and mysticism, classicism is cheerful and precise descriptions of actual experiences. What he assumes and never discusses is that the experiences even of the best romantics are falsified in their writings. The classicism of a dry and cheerful kind which he sets up is really a negation of certain poetic realms of experience claimed by the romantics. Imagism in poetry, the geometric in art, cubism, are not a new classicism; they are simply a limitation of art to a selected few of the many functions which it can perform. When Hulme becomes positive he is as vague as his romantic opponents; he talks about the "heroic qualities" and man being "fairly decent." This side of Hulme is really public-school heartiness dressed up in language which is acceptable to cultured Americans and highbrows. Nevertheless, within these limitations, Hulme has some extremely useful and interesting things to say about poetry, and is often devastating as a destructive critic.

Mr. Michael Roberts realises that Hulme's aesthetics are based on a limited and repressed view of human experience, yet he swallows whole the most negative of all Hulme's processes—that by which he arrives at God. Hulme arrives at God by a series of false analogies, culminating with the conclusion that there must be God because there is a religious instinct, which, if denied, produces romanticism, illusions of progress, optimism, etc. This is like saying that if no one ate and there was no food in the world one could postulate hunger as an instinct and bread as the future life. No distinction is made between a desire for something and a belief that it is there; there is a vacuum, so it may as well be called God; Man is weak, so we may as well attribute his weakness to Original Sin. Mr. Michael Roberts himself seems to be rapidly approaching this vacuumatic revivalism, for, in the last pages of his book, slightly correcting Hulme's view of the world, he says that we cannot indulge in progress except with a background of religious belief. Thus his book seems curiously uncentred, because, while he criticises many of Hulme's conclusions, he accepts, almost without criticism, the principles from which they are derived.

STEPHEN SPENDER

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION

The Development of Religious Toleration in England: 1640-1660. By W. K. JORDAN. *Allen and Unwin.* 21s.

This is the third volume of a work which, when complete, will have analysed in detail the literature of religious toleration from the Reformation to the acceptance of that typically English compromise of which Locke was the supreme exponent. It has many and great merits. No one has previously gone through the vast material with Dr. Jordan's care and patience. No one, either, has constructed the pattern they form with so effective an attention to detail or as precise a sense of the important distinctions it is necessary to draw. Dr. Jordan is catholic in his sympathies; he is invariably fair; and the range he covers is remarkable. To the professional student of these matters his book is literally indispensable.

Yet there is a sense in which it is not difficult to be a little disappointed with the outcome. Dr. Jordan tells us with magistral detail what each sect thought about the problem. From his pages, it is possible to see all the delicate nuances of the ideas which went out to battle. What he has not done is to explain the distinctions he elaborates so massively—why they occurred and to what roots the differences may be traced. He has not, so far, connected his subject-matter with that wider body of changes which alone can give real meaning to the whole. Religious toleration did not come in England because reason won a battle against unreason; granted that anyone believes he has fundamental truth on his side, granted, even more, that he believes eternal salvation to be a function of his truth, the case for persecution is a strong one. What was it, during the course of the seventeenth century, that made men feel that the state must not perish for the sake of religious unity? That, so far, is the issue to which Dr. Jordan has paid no attention. It may be—I hope it is—that he is reserving his judgment upon the long development he has studied for the general statement he promises us in the final volume of his work. Obviously enough, the explanation is a complex one. Partly it is the outcome of a new economic synthesis. Partly, again, it is the result of scientific discovery and philosophic novelty. Partly, it is the result of a deep sense of the administrative inefficiency of contemporary governments. Partly, it derives from that new rationalism which made itself felt in historical criticism of revealed religion not less than in the attack upon traditional cosmology. A good deal of it, I think, was the outcome of sheer boredom with the endless war of the sectaries; Selden's "'tis a vain thing to talk of a heretic, for a man can think no otherwise than he does" represents a temper which grew consistently in volume during the century. What ruined the case for persecution was the growing perception that it was a decisive obstacle to prosperity. Once men began to feel this, the argument for toleration gained a new hold. Tolerance made for security, and the seventeenth century was, above all, anxious to end the century and a half of religious warfare which threatened, at every turn, peace and the fruits of enterprise. The new economic possibilities required a secular and tolerant state. The ideal of religious unity broke upon that rock. The immense variety of the currents which went to shape this new climate of opinion is essential to the perspective in which the religious argument must be set.

So far, at least, Dr. Jordan has not touched upon these themes. He writes at length upon the direct debate—upon the great figures like Cromwell and Fox, Baillie and Samuel Rutherford, and upon lesser figures like Gillespie and Danvers and Edwards. I admit at once their importance. But I think they lose their meaning unless they are set in the context of a wider debate in which men, only half-consciously, were finding the ethos of a new civilisation. The result of Dr. Jordan's concentration is to deprive his book of the sense of movement it requires. He is painting with a flat brush a picture that needs to be seen in the round if it is to be understood with adequacy. His work is a fine piece of scholarship. But it still needs the background which alone can bring it to life.

HAROLD J. LASKI

Brush Up Your Health. By H. A. CLEGG. *Dent.* 2s. 6d.

Dr. Clegg, who is the Assistant Editor of the *British Medical Journal*, is no Utopist. He offers no formula that will enable everyone to attain to perfect health; in fact, he hardly believes in the existence of perfect health. But he does believe that nearly all of us, with all our limitations, inherent and environmental, could be a lot healthier and, therefore, a lot happier, than we are. In this very readable little book he tells us how. Not that we don't think enough about health these days—Dr. Clegg says we think a lot too much about it: "The ordinary peaceful citizen will soon be forbidden to pass into decay in his own fashion." What we all ought to acquire is an accurate, however elementary, knowledge of the relatively few hygienic and physiological facts that are established by genuine evidence. A substantial part of such knowledge is embodied in this modest handbook. It is orthodoxy presented brightly. The style is conversational rather than classic; but, for the book's purpose, is none the worse for that. Here are a few of the chapter headings: "Your Daily Bread," "The Virtue of Fat," "Milk," "Vitamins," "Death in the Bottle," "Getting Rid of the Waste," "On Bringing Up Your Children" (an excellent chapter).

Just Back From Germany. By J. A. COLE. *Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Cole is refreshingly different from most of the literary visitors to Nazi Germany. He interviewed no Brownshirt bosses or unnamed capitalists, visited no concentration camps, encountered none of those garrulous Communists who regale wandering journalists with secrets of the Underground Struggle, and, in fact, observed nothing that is not clearly visible to the ordinarily interested traveller. The book appears to have been written week by week during the author's stay and, perhaps unconsciously, expresses the gradual transition from admiration to irritation, and from irritation to horrified boredom that is the experience of most sensitive people who visit the country for any length of time. First impressions are excellent; the friendliness of the average German, the courtesy of officials, the apparent abundance of food and liqueurs, combine to surprise and delight the stranger. But before long the unceasing propaganda and its parrot-like repetition in casual conversation grow almost unendurable, and the implications of so much good-natured, self-righteous stupidity become terrifyingly obvious to the least reflective of tourists. Mr. Cole is a good reporter; and if he shows little original insight, he can describe the superficial with easy and pleasant acuteness.

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THEATRES

ALDWYCH. (Tem. 6404.) Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Th., 2.30
LOT'S WIFE by Peter Blackmore.
NORA SWINBURNE. CECIL PARKER.
"Laughter in every line."—*Daily Herald.*

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30.
"SPRING MEETING"
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) 8.30. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
IDIOT'S DELIGHT
by Robert E. Sherwood
RAYMOND MASSEY TAMARA GEVA

COLISEUM. Tem. 3161. 2.30 and 8.15 DAILY.
Commencing SATURDAY, July 16th
INTERNATIONAL
CIRCUS SEASON
Prices, 8/6, 6/-, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/-, 1/3.

DUCHESS, Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30. (Smoking.)
GLORIOUS MORNING
by NORMAN MACOWAN. 50th Perf. July 8th.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. 5122. 8.30. Th., S., 2.30.
EDMUND WILLARD,
A. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, ESMOND KNIGHT in
THE INSECT PLAY
"Everybody ought to see it."—*Daily Telegraph.*

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
WHITE SECRETS
by R. W. EARP
in collaboration with E. P. Carston.
"ANOTHER JOURNEY'S END"—*News Chron.*

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat. 2.30.
POISON PEN
By Richard Llewellyn.
MARGARET YARDE. WALTER FITZGERALD.

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.) Evenings, 8.30. Tu., Th., 2.30.
LEA SEIDL and GERTRUDE NIESEN
in
NO SKY SO BLUE
with STEVE GERAY.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
BANANA RIDGE
by Ben Travers.

ST. JAMES'. Whi. 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed., Thurs., 2.30
GOLDEN BOY By Clifford Odets.
GROUP THEATRE COMPANY FROM NEW YORK.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tuesday, Friday, 2.30.
YVONNE ARNAUD, RONALD SQUIRE
PLAN FOR A HOSTESS

CLEAR THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

A summer cold is dangerous because it destroys the vitality you should be building up for the coming winter. Get rid of it quickly with Vapex. Breathe the pleasant, refreshing vapour which penetrates to the innermost passages of nose and throat, easing the breathing, relieving any headache or stuffiness and killing the germs at their source. Vapex is perfectly safe for children—guaranteed free from ephedrine or any narcotic.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

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THEATRES—continued

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) Evenings, ex. Mons., 8.30.
Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday:
PLANT IN THE SUN
with PAUL ROBESON
Saturday and Sunday:
BURY THE DEAD
Doors open 7.30. Book now: 1/- to 3/6. Members only.
Unity Theatre, Goldington St., N.W.1.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic 1317.) Nightly, 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE
TEDDY ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES
ME AND MY GIRL
THE HAPPIEST MUSICAL COMEDY IN TOWN.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028. (Second Year.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sats. at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET"
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

MALVERN FESTIVAL
AUGUST 1st—AUGUST 27th
Five World Premieres by BRIDIE, DUNSANY, MUNRO, PRIESTLEY and SHAW. Details from MALVERN FESTIVAL OFFICE, 25 Haymarket, S.W.1. 'Phone: Whitehall 3332.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
"FRANCE'S MOST DARING COMEDY"
"LE ROI S'AMUSE" (A).
VICTOR FRANCEN, GABY MORLEY, RAIMU.

BERKELEY, Berkeley Street. May. 8505.
MAURICE CHEVALIER in
L'HOMME DU JOUR
Also Pare Lorentz' famous film
THE RIVER (U), and March of Time (U).
2/6, 3/6, 5/-, 8/6.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, JULY 11th, for SEVEN DAYS
LOUISE ULLRICH & VICTOR DE KOWA in
MONICA AND MARTIN (A)
also The March of Time, No. 11.

REPERTORY THEATRES

BARN THEATRE, SHERE.
July 4th, for one week.
Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
Britannicus
By Racine.
A new translation by Dillon Fitzgibbon, produced by Harold Scott.
Entrance by Membership Ticket, obtainable free, in advance, from the Theatre. (Tel.: Shere 245).

HULL. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5.0 p.m. **Little.**
Tovarich
Jacques Deval. (English adaptation by Robert Sherwood.)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 93.

RESTAURANTS

A FEW steps from the Strand to RULES of Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

EXHIBITIONS

GOLDSMITHS' HALL, Foster Lane, Cheapside, E.C.2. MODERN SILVERWORK EXHIBITION—LAST WEEK—To-day and daily until July 16th (inc. Sat.), 10 a.m.—7.30 p.m. Beautiful exhibits include THE CALIX MAJESTATIS from Holyrood graciously loaned by H.M. the King. Film of the Silver Industry shown daily at 11.30, 1.30, 3.30 & 6.30.
ADMISSION FREE.

BEACON HILL SCHOOL Educational Exhibition at the ABBATT showrooms, 94 Wimpole Street, W. July 11th–16th. Admission Free. Programme of lectures (afternoons 5 p.m.) on application to the showroom, or to MRS. DORA RUSSELL, Principal, Kingwell Hall, Timsbury, near Bath.

THE exhibition of Shell-B.P. advertising in Shell-Mex House has proved so popular that the closing date has been extended to July 23rd. 9.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Free.

PERSONAL

HEMLOCK SERMON. Lady Margaret Hospital Private Chapel, July 3rd, Doddington. Week-end guests.

GERMAN for Beginners, Readers of Poetry, Scientists. Write DR. WALDE, 167 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

SCHOOLMASTER and WIFE offer carefree seaside-country holiday in AUGUST to non-fussy person; 2½ *gns.* 'Phone: Middleton 316; write "Silver Birches," Main Road, Felpham, S'x.

YOUNG Graduate, willing to travel as tutor or companion during August and September; perfect knowledge German and French; all-round sportsman, good driver; willing to pay part expenses. Box 2299.

ENGLISH ARTIST (portrait, landscape, musical subjects, flowers, etc.) seeks suitable generous summer hospitality, repaid by respectable work. Fullest references. CHEZ WALLACE-PEEL, 216 Boulevard Raspail, Paris.

SEND your children to 60 The Fairway, Leigh-on-Sea for their holidays. Seaside and country picnics with plenty of healthy freedom. From 25s. weekly.

SWEDISH lady, travelled, well-read, speaks English, requires month from end July in cultured home, preferably Scotland, in exchange for visit in beautiful cathedral city near Stockholm. Rektorskan Ahlenius, Strängnäs, Sweden.

COACHING (Oxford Undergraduate) with SEASIDE holiday offered to boy 8–16. Music, yachting, etc. 2½ *gns.* weekly. Apply JOAN HEATH, Tyn-y-Coed, Barmouth, N. Wales.

TWO friends want two others for £12 camping-motoring holiday, Dalmatia or Riviera, August 20th to September 10th. approximately. Box 2337.

JOIN SMALL AMUSING PARTY, ASCONA, Lago Maggiore, bathing, sunbasking, etc. Leaving about July 23rd. Reasonable cost. Box 2338.

WHO would like to EXPLORE SWITZERLAND, FRANCE cheaply in August with young Austrian graduate? Walking or by car. Box 2339.

RUSSIAN—by experienced native lady teacher. London references. Central. 'Phone. Box 1783.

YOUNG bachelor—interests mainly of the non-sporting variety—fairly well endowed with material comforts, but not interested in the fair sex, wishes to meet another under 30 similarly unorthodox. London or South Coast. Box 2320.

DARKEST AFRICA—Job wanted by young man (age 25) who has extensive knowledge and insight of West Africa, also previous experience there. He is suffering from acute "nostalgia du Sud." French Senegal, Sierra Leone or Liberia preferable. Suggests considerable distance from comic Colonial officials. Discomfiture and climate no object. Excellent references. Box 2312.

"THE ART OF RECORD BUYING," 1938. A new and greatly enlarged edition of this book is now ready. It contains over 100 pages of information that is invaluable to all gramophone owners, and enables them to be sure of choosing the best version of works they wish to add to their collection. Send 2*d.* in stamps for a free copy.
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NUDIST GATHERINGS. Wednesdays and Fridays at West London gymnasium. Write, enclosing stamped envelope: SECRETARY, National Sun and Air Association, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251 Birmingham.

Week-end Competitions

No. 435

Set by Stevie Smith

You are invited to compose, for the friendly use of the German Government in England, an *Appeal* to the people of Great Britain and the Empire seriously to consider the voluntary absorption of themselves—a regrettably separated aryan-bloodbrotherhood—by the Third Reich. Passing reference, in the lightest of German diplomatic language, may be made to possible difficulties, but these should be recognised only to be disposed of. The tone of the appeal should be friendly, persuasive, plausible, and where emphasis is required, sorrow rather than anger should be the note. The usual prizes are offered for an Appeal which must not exceed 300 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 15th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 433

Set by Allan M. Laing

A little while ago, the *Times* printed this passage:

"An enterprising travel agent might consider taking people on a holiday on which they would actually live through the metaphors and terms of their national speech, riding for a fall, meeting snakes in the grass and getting half-seas over in little boats."

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best itineraries of such a holiday in not more than 250 words.

Report by Allan M. Laing

The entries in this competition, which I had thought would have a wide topical-literary appeal, were regrettably few. Well-known competitors, almost without exception, gave it a miss, either (I presume) from laziness or cowardice. Most of the rest considered it enough to offer expectant tourists new-leaf turning, avenue exploring and castle-building in Spain, without for a moment suggesting either the style or the insidious charm of a good travel leaflet. One reading of the entries eliminated all but six. Of these E. Davies proposed, with some originality, to enclose a sprat with his folder, as well as to provide spilt milk by the rather hazardous method of colliding with a milk float. E. Kirkman, whose itinerary was much too extensive for a single holiday, suggested a halt before entering Germany, for the purpose of pulling up socks, and tightening belts; and Reginald Reynolds covered a lot of metaphorical ground in rhymed couplets—a method not yet known in Cook's and places where they book.

The prizes, I think, should be divided equally among S. P. W., L. V. Upward (not one of his more inspired efforts), and M. C. Trench; but I cannot see the travel agencies taking up their tours.

KEEP FIT
on a
"KEEP YOUR WORD"
HOLIDAY
See ENGLAND as she is SPOKE OF
(Rose-tinted spectacles provided)

Programme:

1st day.—To Poultry Research Station, Mill Hill, to count chickens before they are hatched, and to put all the eggs in one basket.

Afternoon at Kew, to be led up the Garden to the lilies (paint provided); on to the Archery Grounds, for drawing the long-bow and shooting an arrow at a venture.

Evening on the river, each paddling his own canoe.

2nd day.—The party sent to Coventry for the day.

3rd day.—To Lichfield, to heap coals of fire on the head of Dr. Johnson's statue.

4th day.—To Newcastle, with said coals.

5th day.—Travel to Liverpool.

6th day.—Morning at Aintree, riding the high horse, rushing the fences and generally riding for a fall.

Later, to Edale (Derbyshire).

7th day.—The Peak, via Jacob's Ladder; starting from the bottom of the Ladder.

8th day.—To Bath, getting into hot water.

9th day.—To Cheddar Gorge, leaving no stone unturned, and shaking the dust off the feet.

10th day.—Return to London, via Savernake Forest, exploring every avenue.

11th day.—Final Celebrations: an early morning visit to Covent Garden, upsetting an apple-cart; after breakfast, to Westminster, to set the Thames on fire (with the aid of petrol); afternoon at London Scottish Barracks, calling the tune and paying the piper; finally painting the town red, roof-work for the still strenuous; while the weaker go to the wall.

S. P. W.

OUR NEW SPRING METAPHOR TOUR

From Piccadilly a 1912 model motor-coach will convey the party northwards, and numerous opportunities will arise of PUTTING A SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL before Cambridge is reached. At this seat of learning tourists will often HAVE THEIR BACKS TO THE WALL of one college while admiring another, and amid the pleasant boscage of Christ's Pieces, they will doubtless EXPLORE EVERY AVENUE and occasionally TURN OVER A NEW LEAF. On to Newmarket next, where chances will be given to all to BACK THE WRONG HORSE before hastening to the nearest hostelry, where everyone will soon BE ON (and presently outside) THE RIGHT TACK. The day following, the coach will leave Newmarket by an indifferent by-way, on which it will LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED, and passing a laundry where THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND are frequently visible, will eventually reach Peterborough. After inspecting the cathedral the party will be conducted round God's Acre, where anyone who wishes may HAVE ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE left open for that purpose, before restoring the tissues at a respectable hotel. During the homeward run, through the courtesy of a local farmer's wife, an enjoyable hour will be spent near Bedford, LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK and POURING WATER ON A DUCK'S BACK, while in Chorley Wood adders have been specially corralled to permit any tourist who cares to take the risk to NURSE A VIPER IN HIS BOSOM before returning to London.

NOVEL BRITISH ADVENTURE CRUISE TO AFRICA

Push off (poles provided) from Southampton, November 1st. Return when Trip is Ended.

During voyage passengers are given facilities for swinging the lead and getting three sheets in the wind. (Passengers are assured that in no circumstances will the captain sail too close to the wind.)

On arrival, safari to interior will be made on horseback. Mounts specially imported, including spares, thus enabling horses to be changed in mid-stream. Owing to prevalence of crocodiles tourists are advised against taking the plunge.

Sportsmen will have rare opportunities of drawing the long bow and of bearding lions in their dens—which, if they fail to keep their ends up, may then be knocked down with feathers.

African winds blow hot and cold and tourists should keep their breath to cool their porridge in the event of wind blowing hot at breakfast time and milk being unavailable.

Dinner is served in camp at night and all are urged to come clean in order to keep the flag flying and not to open their mouths too wide (owing to difficulties of transport) or the native boy will put a sock in them instead of all the plums.

An excursion will be made by train to a noted gold-field and tourists are warned not to leave the rails unless they wish to go down the mine.

Before returning to the coast everyone should make the African welkin ring by blowing his own trumpet. (Trumpets provided by Crook's Travel Agency.)

M. C. TRENCH

"OLD MOORE'S" ALMANACK COMPETITION

Set by Horace Samuel on December 27, 1937

It is now the season for professional prophets. Most interesting hurdles in the prophecy stakes are those dealing with the large issues of world politics. For the sake of competitors we will assume that the world has muddled on for another six months and that they are looking back on the period from 1st January to 1st July, 1938. We offer prizes of One Guinea and Half a Guinea for the best entries. Replies to this competition will be kept unopened in their envelopes until the end of next June.

Questions.

(1) Has there as yet (that is, before July, 1938) been any truce made between the Government and the rebels in Spain?

(2) In whose hands are (*a*) Barcelona, (*b*) Saragossa, (c) Madrid, (*d*) Seville?

(3) Give the gist of the latest statement made on behalf of the British Government about (*a*) British policy in Spain, and (*b*) British policy in China, in not more than 100 words.

(4) (*a*) Has any concrete proposition in regard to a revision of the colonial settlement of Versailles been made to Germany; (*b*) have any modifications to suit German ambitions been made in States bordering on Germany? Answer in not more than 25 words.

APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

CITY OF SHEFFIELD

Appointment of the
DIRECTOR OF THE CITY ART GALLERIES AND RUSKIN MUSEUM

The Sheffield City Council invite applications for the appointment of Director of the City Art Galleries and Ruskin Museum. Copies of the official Application Form can be obtained from the undersigned and when completed should be forwarded to him with a letter of application.

The salary is £600 per annum, to be increased to £650 per annum after one year's service.

The post is designated as an established post under the Local Government and other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.

Applications, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, should be addressed to me endorsed "Director of Art Galleries" and be delivered at my office not later than July 20th, 1938.

It is not desired that copies of applications should be furnished.

Canvassing or any communication to a member of the Council, either directly or indirectly, is prohibited and will be a disqualification.

Town Hall, Sheffield, 1. E. B. GIBSON,
July 1st, 1938. Town Clerk.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

The Council invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of English. Salary £300 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1938.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before September 10th, 1938.

Singleton Park, Swansea. EDWIN DREW, Registrar.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History. Stipend £300 per annum. Duties to commence on September 29th, 1938. Special knowledge of Modern European History essential. All applications must be sent not later than July 20th to the Registrar, from whom further particularly may be obtained.

REQUIRED. Secretary-Stenographer for scientist directing chemical production and research at London factory. Young lady with University education preferred. Shorthand, typing and arithmetic must be good. Salary to be arranged. Write CMH/GG, B.D.H. Ltd., Graham Street, N.1.

HOUSEKEEPER-SECRETARY (not young) wanted now by bachelor in country, four maids kept. A light post, with a small salary and comfortable home. Applicants must be, capable, thoroughly domesticated, and should write fully stating interests. Box 2313.

EDUCATED young woman wanted to look after infant and help in flat. Mother invalid. 'Phone: GUL. 1834.

WOMAN graduate, fluent French, two years' secretarial experience, seeks literary, educational, political, social work. Box 2351.

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VICTORIA. Modern unfurnished flat, 3 large rooms, kit., tiled bath, sep. w.c.; £109 p.a. 'Phone: Vic. 9517.

W.C.1. Flat to let, July 28th. Large living room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, use bath.; 35s. per week (including electric light). 4 Ampton Street, W.C.1. Ter. 6761.

TO LET, attractive two-room flat with balcony, August–September. HARVEY, 31 St. Peter's Square, W.6.

HAMPSTEAD Furnished flat August, September, October. 2½ *gns.* 2 sitting-rooms, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom. Exceptionally spacious and quiet. CLEEVES, 28B Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. PRI. 3608.

GLORIOUS views over Chilterns, secluded cottage near unspoilt village to let furnished, August. 4 bedrooms, sleep 6, 2 sitting-rooms. Electricity. Modern sanitation. HAM. 3932.

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LUXURIOUS SUITES, FLATS, FLATLETS, etc., in both town and country. Personallly inspected and recommended. Free advice given. ANNE PAGE, Dorland House, 14 Lower Regent Street. WHI. 3258.

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(5) (*a*) Who is the Prime Minister of France? (*b*) What events have occurred to strengthen or weaken the effectiveness of the Franco-Soviet Pact (not more than 25 words)?

Report by Horace Samuel

My somewhat ragged team of prophets were completely outmatched by the actual performance of History. Nor did a single maker of long shots score a bull's-eye in 4 (*b*), by recording the Rape of Austria by her incestuous brother. Only Jasper Ridley gave Daladier as the actual Premier of France, though the winner gave him as a probable successor to Chautemps. Nearly everyone else plumped for Chautemps, with one or two Blums and a Painlevé or a Herriot here and there. No one mentioned the supersession of Eden by Halifax except just possibly D. Auret—"A great Man" (*sic*) "has filled an unexpected vacancy." Practically everyone was agreed that there had been no truce in Spain, and most competitors that the four towns in question 2 remained in the same hands as at January 1st, though a few gave Madrid to the rebels and a few more (including indeed the winner) Saragossa to the Government, and E. M. Trehern announced the surrender "of the late rebel régime" (*sic*) in May to President (*sic*) Franco coupled with "full recognition" by H. M. Government. Nearly every competitor answered 1 and 4 (*a*) in the negative, though E. C. Fry recorded that "the British and German Governments have privately agreed that Portugal wishes to be relieved of her Colonial burden." The most significant of the recent statements about British policy in Spain, 3 (*a*) was the announcement by Mr. Chamberlain to the effect that he was not prepared to take any physical action to protect British ships in Spanish territorial waters while on their lawful occasions against deliberate bombing. No one got anywhere near this except possibly T. R. Frankenburg with "the blockade of the East coast of Spain continues, it is unsafe for British ships to approach Spanish Government ports as their entrances are mined." No one even hinted at the Anglo-Italian Agreement. Though this would not actually enter the picture as an answer to any specific question, the existence of the classic unwritten clause to the effect that "H.M. Government shall use its best endeavours so to manipulate the application of the non-Intervention Agreement as to ensure the victory of the Nationalist forces" would have won bonus marks if introduced by way of explanation of the latest British declaration of policy. As for China, the summaries of official formulations of British policy tended to be as "woolly" as that policy itself.

One or two optimists apparently thought that the Sino-Japanese war would be reaching the stage of peace negotiations, instead of just getting into its stride, and that Great Britain would be mediating. In fact the most recent declaration of British policy has been the British démarche supporting the French diplomatic action in regard to the Japanese threat to Hainan and through Hainan to Indo-China. This however is perhaps so local in its character that failure to refer to it may perhaps be excused. The completeness of the débacle of the prophets may be gauged from the fact that it is impossible to get a complete set of true answers even by piecing together selections from the competitors. Out of a maximum of 41 marks (with deductions for really flagrant "howlers") the best score was 21 marks, which was obtained by Anthony Wardlaw, who was the best of a poor lot. I would observe that his statement in 3 (ii), though wrong, is at least somewhere near the mark, and that in 4 (*b*) he gets within measurable distance of the Czechoslovakia crisis. Under the circumstances I only feel justified in recommending that a first prize of One Guinea be awarded and that there be no second prize.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 288.—STRULDBRUGS

By M. G. Kendal

The discovery of an unpublished manuscript of Lemuel Gulliver throws some new light on a question of Laputan population.

"Towards the end of my visit to Laputa," says Gulliver, "I allowed myself the liberty of pointing out to the King that if the struldbrugs were permitted to live for ever, being immune from death except by execution and having their numbers continually increased by fresh births, the time must inevitably come when there was no space left on the island for ordinary mortals, so that the race would die out and be replaced entirely by struldbrugs. His Majesty was much struck by this prognostication, which he was pleased to regard as a calamity, and asked whether I had any proposal for avoiding it. I submitted to him that the struldbrugs should be put to death on reaching the age of three score years and ten.

"His Majesty thereupon went into a fit of meditation lasting for three days, and on emerging from it issued a proclamation which admirably illustrates the mathematical subtlety of his mind. It was enacted that whenever a struldbrug was born a scroll should be prepared for him and retained in the Hall of Records. On the struldbrug's day of birth and every subsequent birthday the Court Mathematician should choose at random a letter from the Laputan alphabet and write it on the scroll. When the scroll contained every letter of the alphabet the struldbrug should be quietly put to death. As some compensation it was enacted a struldbrug could not be put to death for any other reason.

"I was informed by the Court Mathematician himself that the effect of this decree was to make the expectation of a struldbrug's life between 70 and 71 years. Thus the King attained his object without incurring the odium of sentencing any particular subject to death at a specified time, or in any way violating the principles of humanity and statesmanship for which he is so justly famous."

How many letters are there in the Laputan alphabet?

PROBLEM 286.—THE JUICY POTATO

Solution by the composer, R. L. Michaelson

Roulette number = x and code number = $J(x)$.

$J(x) = ax^2 - bx + c$

$f(k) = k$ and $f(l) = l \quad \therefore f(x) = a(x-k)(x-l) + x \quad k < l.$

Then $b = a(k+l) - 1$ and $c = akl$.

We know that

I. $f(x)$ must be $+^{ive}$ for $x = 0 + 0x = 36$.
II. $f(x)$ must be different for all values of x from $0 - 36$.
III. $a + b + c \geqslant 36$.
IV. Given the value of $J(1)$ the solution is unique.

Suppose $a = 1$ then $f(k-1) = l = f(l)$ which conflicts II $\therefore a \neq 2$.

Note: k and l can neither $= 0$.

Suppose $a = 2$

$k = 1 \quad l = 2 \quad f(1) = 1$ and conditions I, II and III are satisfied.
$k = 1 \quad l = 3 \quad f(1) = 1$ " " " "

but obviously condition IV is not satisfied $\therefore k \neq 1$ irrespective of the value of a.

			x	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
$k=2$	$l=3$	$a+b+c=23$	$f(x)$	12	5	2	3	8	17	..	..	..	A
$k=2$	$l=4$	$a+b+c=29$		16	7	2	1	4	11	22	..	..	B
$k=2$	$l=5$	$a+b+c=35$		-1 and eliminated by I									
$k=2$	$l>5$	$a+b+c>36$	eliminated by III										
$k=3$	$l>3$	$a+b+c>36$	" "										

Suppose $a = 3$

$k=2$	$l=3$	$a+b+c=35$	18	7	2	3	10	23	..	..	C
$k=2$	$l>3$	eliminated by III.									

all other values of a, k and l are eliminated by III.

Of the three possibilities, A, B and C, B and C give the same value for $f(1)$ hence by IV, $f(x) = 2(x-2)(x-3) + x$ and $f(5) = 17$.

PROBLEM 285.—BROKEN BOTTLES

By Major W. H. Knox

Instead of the composer's own solution, I published in error last week a solution which, though it gives the correct answer, does not arrive at it correctly. Several solvers have written to point out that there were only 12 bottles on each stand. My apologies to Major Knox.

Composer's Solution

Consider the factors of the total score:

Married score : Single score :: 21 : 20
$\therefore$ Married score = 21X, Single score = 20X
$\therefore$ Total score, T = 41X.

This total can be expressed as follows:

$T = A_1 \times 6^5 + B_1 \times 6^4 + A_2 \times 6^3 + B_2 \times 6^2 + A_3 \times 6^1 + B_3 \times 6^0$

and since $A_1 + A_2 + A_3 = B_1 + B_2 + B_3$ T must be divisible by 7, i.e. (6 + 1) and $T = 7 \times 41 \times X_2 = 287X_2$.

The single pairs score is then $140X_2$ and since this is a multiple of 5, the number of bottles broken by the single pairs is also a multiple of 5. Further, since the single score is a multiple of 7 the difference between the number of bottles broken by the bachelors and by the spinsters is 0 or a multiple of 7.

Hence the spinsters hit 14, the bachelors 21, the wives hit 11, the husbands 4; grand total 50 bottles.

Since the total number of bottles broken is a multiple of 5, i.e. (6 − 1) the total score is also a multiple of 5 and $T = 5 \times 287X_3 = 1{,}435X_3$.

The men hit 25 bottles and only one on stand 6.

$\therefore \quad A_1 = 1, A_2 = 12$ and $A_3 = 12$.

We have therefore to find a multiple of 1,435 which can be expressed in the form

$1 \times 6^5 + B_1 \times 6^4 + 12 \times 6^3 + B_2 \times 6^2 + 12 \times 6^1 + B_3 \times 6^0$

There are two such numbers

$1 \times 6^5 + 5 \times 6^4 + 12 \times 6^3 + 8 \times 6^2 + 12 \times 6 + 12$

and 1 6 12 12 12 7

but only the second can be divided between the married and single pairs in accordance with the conditions:

	1	1	1	7	2	3
	5	11	5	10	4	

Hence the scores are:

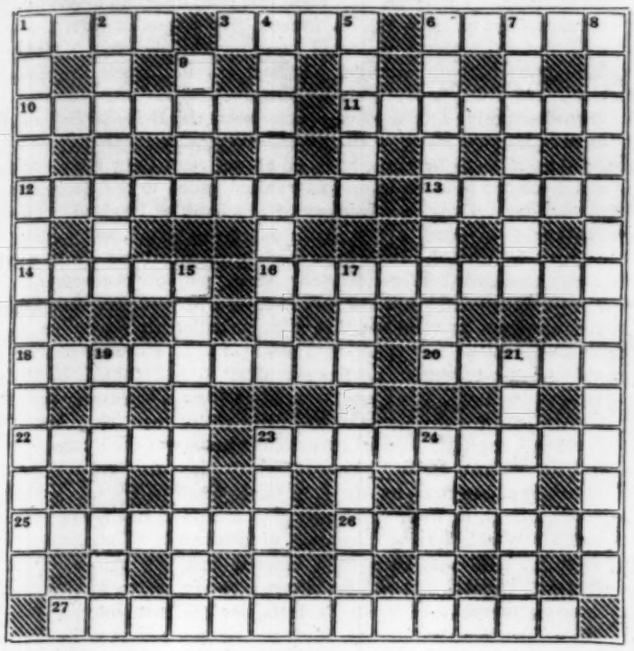
Married pairs	9,555
Single pairs	9,100
Total	18,655

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 435

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
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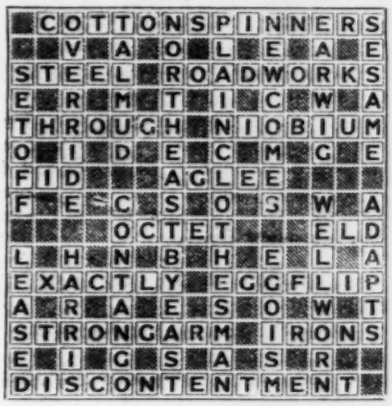
ACROSS

1. The sort of man who's a first-class cricketer. (4)
3. Sweet saintly school no doubt. (4)
6. The meadow goes with 1 across at school. (5)
10. What a boy does after a caning. (7)
11. Suitable wear for the Head. (7)
12. He should have no difficulty in learning to stand on his own feet. (9)
13. These people are not always so backward as this. (5)
14. Omar Khayyám begins to stir. (5)
16. How to heighten the tale to a tall story. (9)
18. Scholarly opponents of the Dragon School? (9)
20 (rev.). Writer in the vocative plural? (5)
22. A thin Duke takes it to heart. (5)
23. Describes 25's residential period perhaps. (9)
25. He takes his school examination after leaving school. (7)
26. Is this where doctors and cavalrymen are educated? (7)
27. A dressing-up match? (13)

DOWN

1. This is not the Police College. (14)
2. Was this the native state of the saint of Verulamium? (7)
4. You'd expect it to be the subject of a Lent sitting. (9)
5. Where we go to the head of the school. (5)
6. Straphanging gratis? (9)
7 (rev.). Genuinely flatter. (7)
8. Alleyn's Old School. (14)
9. Ain't it a mix up? (4)
15. One is encouraged to talk during lessons in this subject. (9)
17. Heads of 1, 7, 22 and 26 Islam would swear by. (9)
19. Warlike result of the goat eating a bun. (7)
21 (rev.). Or if the water's frozen in the hole. (7)
23. A bet of £10? (5)
24. Clementine's father was forty. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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